

AMERICA

A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

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Chronicle

Home News.—The partial elections of November 3 continued the marked trend away from the Republican party begun last year. Of five special elections of Congressmen, three—one in Ohio, one in New York, and one in Michigan—went Democratic; while two—one in Pennsylvania and one in Ohio—went Republican. All five Congressmen elected were "wet." This result made the present complexion of the House: Democrats, 217; Republicans, 215; Farmer-Labor, 1; with two vacancies. The Democrats thus would be forced to organize the House. Other developments: a Democratic landslide in New Jersey, a Democratic victory for the governorship in Kentucky, and the victory of Governor Roosevelt on a reforestation amendment opposed by Alfred E. Smith. The New York Republicans retained a majority of ten in the Assembly, thus continuing their investigation of Tammany and their opposition to Roosevelt.

On October 29, President Hoover issued an unexpected denunciation of the Navy League and accused it of "untruths and distortions of facts." In a previous statement the League had declared the President "abysmally ignorant of naval affairs."

Navy Inquiry

The President announced an inquiry and said that "upon its completion I shall expect Mr. Gardiner

[the League President] to make a public correction of his misstatement and his apology therefor." Mr. Hoover was not followed in his attack by prominent Republican papers, the New York *Herald-Tribune* and the *Evening Post* in particular openly disagreeing with him. On November 1, Secretary of the Navy Adams denounced the World Peace Foundation for disseminating misleading information concerning comparative naval expenditures by the United States and Great Britain. These disputes concerned the difficult problem of establishing points of comparison between the naval forces of different countries and the expenditures therefor. The World Peace Foundation declared that the United States in 1930 spent \$553,378,505 while Great Britain spent \$242,850,711. Secretary Adams declared the true figures to be: United States, \$375,291,828; Great Britain, \$349,927,670. The President appointed as members of his board of inquiry Admiral Hugh Rodman, John Hays Hammond, Eliot Wadsworth, Under-Secretary of State Castle, and Assistant-Secretary of the Navy Jahncke. They began their sittings on November 4 with a decision to hold their meetings in secret. Simultaneously, the Executive Committee of the Navy League met in Washington, and with one dissenting voice, expressed its entire approval of President Gardiner's action in censuring President Hoover and called for the fullest light on United States naval policy. The League thus stood by its guns.

A sudden bull market in grains brought wheat to seventy cents a bushel, a rise of twenty-six cents since October 5. The cause of this advance was the report of wheat shortage and of cessation of Russia's exportations, though the latter was quickly denied. The main cause of the previous drop had been that Russia's exports were thirty per cent of the world total. Certain well-known professionals entered the market with buying orders and the public followed generally. Wheat at \$1.00 was freely predicted.

Austria.—In spite of the bitter agitation against Foreign Minister Schober by his opponents on the grounds that he was the chief obstacle to financial relief from France, Dr. Schober continued to remain in power in Austria, and through him the French loan was negotiated.

Dr. Schober Retains Power

Strong measures for protection of the State were put into a bill introduced by Minister of the Interior Winkler and announced by Chancellor Buresch. Lifelong imprisonment was decreed for all who foment disturbances or insult or threaten public officials.

But in face of these severe resolutions much criticism was launched against the Government officials for lethargy

in dealing with leaders of the Heimwehr revolt. All the guilty ones were at large and carried on their open hostility to the Government, and many continued to hold their posts in the present regime. The Nazis also were allowed a free hand in their attacks on the present order. Such officers of the regular army as Captain Leopold were known to be the outspoken leaders of the Nazis and publicly harangued for revolution. It was reported that Minister of War Vaugoin was taking no steps to cleanse the army of these rebels. The Heimwehr was known to be negotiating with the Nazis of Germany in the hope of another putsch; but the latter declared they would not co-operate until they had gained control in Germany. The tormenting question of the restoration of the Hapsburgs continued to split the parties of the Opposition.

Brazil.—A revolt against the Provisional Government of President Getulio Vargas threatened for a brief period to spread throughout the Republic and overthrow the Government. The rebellion broke out on October 28 at Pernambuco, in the 21st Regiment of Chasseurs. Energetic measures adopted by the State and Federal authorities, who rushed troops and warships to the seat of the disorder persuaded the insurrectionists to surrender. Despite two days of fighting only one casualty was reported. On their surrender the rebels were imprisoned and the Federal Government advised Provisional Governor Cavalcanti of the State of Pernambuco to punish them with the utmost severity and eliminate the political faction backing them. This was the fourth short-lived revolt that President Vargas had had to withstand since he took over the Government in October, 1930. Ever since he overthrew the Constitutional Government of President Washington Luis resentment against him had been growing in the North chiefly because of his unequal distribution of Government positions. Dr. Vargas not only gave all important places in Rio de Janeiro to men of his own State, Rio Grande do Sul, but sent them to occupy the chief positions in all State Governments, thus refusing to permit any other State to participate in the national administration.

China.—The situation in Manchuria grew more grave. Several severe engagements were reported, but more significant was the fact that Japanese troops were continually being sent to the front; that charges were made by Tokyo that in the past several weeks fully 10,000 Korean farmers in Kirin Province had been brutally massacred by Chinese; and finally that Soviet Russia was threatening Japan that the sphere of conflict might be enlarged. Meanwhile, it was anticipated that before November 16, the date set by the League of Nations Council for Japan to evacuate Manchuria, a second extraordinary session of the Council would be necessitated as the Japanese advance towards Tsitsihar made the situation increasingly critical. On November 2 the Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Nanking Government announced the

following three points as fundamental for settling the dispute: (1) The territorial and administrative sovereignty of China must be upheld; (2) The Open Door policy must be observed so that all nations may have opportunity to develop their legitimate interests in China; (3) All international treaties and treaty rights must be respected. So far as internal affairs were concerned, after a week of fruitless negotiations marked by a campaign of mutual recriminations and denials in the press the Nanking-Cantonese Peace Conference collapsed on November 2. President Chiang Kai-shek denounced the Cantonese, charging that they were hampering the Government in dealing with the Sino-Japanese situation.

Cyprus.—An unexpected revolt against British rule in the Crown Colony of Cyprus occurred during the last week of October. The instigators were influential Greek leaders who had long carried on an agitation for the cession of Cyprus from Great Britain to Greece. The high taxation enforced was the focal issue. Riots of a serious nature broke out in many parts of the Island, and much property damage was caused. British soldiers and sailors were rushed from Egypt, Malta, etc., by cruisers and airplanes. They suppressed the mob rule which was gaining control, made some 400 arrests, and deported the ring leaders. Sir Ronald Storrs, after the arrival of the military and naval auxiliaries, was enabled to enforce strict discipline. The attitude of the Greek Government remained diplomatically correct. Premier Venizelos, of Greece, stated that the dispute concerned the Cypriotes and Great Britain alone. The Greek newspapers, however, were favorable to the insurgents.

France.—After the enthusiastic reception accorded by Paris to M. Laval upon his return from Washington on November 2, the Premier began at once a series of conferences with President Doumer, the Cabinet, representatives of the Bank of France, and the German Ambassador. The Premier's problem, according to the New York Times correspondent, was "how to restore confidence throughout the business and political world that Germany is or can be made solvent, and, second, that France has a real desire to restore her debtor to prosperity." But the press seemed to have no definite and certain knowledge of what was discussed at the various meetings. Observers agreed, however, that the German Ambassador was voicing the claims not only of his nation but also of Germany's private creditors, and was asking for a great creditors' meeting during which there would be a review of the entire reparations question.

Germany.—President von Hindenburg called together the experts who are to serve as a special advisory board to aid the Cabinet in planning an economic schedule for protection of the Nation. The President stressed the urgency of action in face of the "economic and social distress threatening the German people."—Withdrawals

Rumors of
New Putsch

Pernambuco
Revolt

Anti-British
Riots

Premier's
Conferences

Manchurian
Affairs
Critical

Economics

placed the Reichsbank in a weaker condition with little hope of immediate relief. The currency coverage had fallen to less than thirty per cent.

Great Britain.—The newly-elected Parliament convened on November 3 and transacted the routine business of swearing in the members and electing the Speaker, Captain E. A. Fitzroy. The formal opening of the House took place on November 10, in the presence of the King, with the reading of the Speech from the Throne. In the interval since the election, the members of the former National Cabinet handed in their resignations to the Prime Minister. Mr. MacDonald was allowed full liberty by the allied party groups in the choice of his new Cabinet, which was announced on November 5. In it, there was a proper balancing of representation from the united political groups, and a balancing, also, in the choice of moderate protectionists and Liberal free traders. Four Laborites were included, namely, Ramsay MacDonald as Prime Minister, Lord Sankey, Philip Snowden, and J. H. Thomas. Eleven Conservatives were named, and given key positions; among them were Stanley Baldwin, Lord President of the Council, Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, Viscount Hailsham, Sir Samuel Hoare, Marquess of Londonderry, Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, Sir Hilton Young, Sir John Gilmour, Sir Henry Beterton, and William Ormsby-Gore. Both sections of the Liberal party were represented in important offices; Sir Herbert Samuel was appointed Secretary of State for Home Affairs, and Sir John Simon, Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Walter Runciman was named President of the Board of Trade; other Liberals were Sir Archibald Sinclair and Sir Donald MacLean. —During the week, Lloyd George formally renounced his leadership of the official Liberal party; he was succeeded by Sir Herbert Samuel. —The Labor party received a further defeat in the municipal elections.

Attention returned to the Indian Round Table Conference with the publication of the tentative draft, on October 31, of an Indian Constitution by Lord Sankey's Federal Structure Committee. This draft, provided for Houses of Parliament, the Upper, with a representation of 200 chosen by the Provincial Legislatures and the native Princes, and the Lower, consisting of 300 members, elected by direct vote on the basis of population. A proportion of representation would be made between the native Indian States and the British India Provinces. It recommended special representation for landed and commercial interests. Important questions concerning the control of finances, the army, etc., were left vague. A Federal Supreme Court, for settlement of disputes between the Federal Government, the States, the Provinces, was advocated. The Hindu-Moslem and the minorities controversies were not settled by the document. Mahatma Gandhi opposed the draft on many points. He advocated a one-chamber Legislature, a vote by village units rather than on a large population basis, greater army and finance control by India, and no special representation for the

interests. Confidence in the success of the Conference was increased by a message from Mr. MacDonald that the new Government would continue the policy of the Labor Government towards India.

Mexico.—It was announced that friends of Governor Adelberto Tejeda of Vera Cruz had tendered him a dinner prior to his leaving the country on a "special mission" to Europe. It was not made clear whether this meant elimination of Tejeda's Presidential aspirations, or the desire of his party to consolidate relations with anti-clericals in Europe. At the same time the new Minister of the Interior, ex-Ambassador Tellez, announced a policy of justice for the Church.

Poland.—While Marshal Joseph Pilsudski was being honored by a proffered baton of a Marshal of the Rumanian Army during his recent visit to Rumania, presumably for a rest cure, much criticism of him was being stirred up by the outpourings at the famous Brest-Litovsk trial where thirteen prominent Polish leaders were fighting for their lives. Strict censorship prevented the publishing of the speeches made, but it was generally thought that no drastic action would be taken for fear of internal uprisings. —Unrest was created by Senator Borah's remarks on the Polish Corridor, and assurances of Foreign Minister Zaleski failed to put down fears that a new boundary alignment would take away Pomorze. This Poland was determined never to yield.

Russia.—The Soviet proposal, presented in May of this year to the Pan-Europe Commission of the League of Nations by Maxim Litvinov, Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, advocating a pact of economic non-aggression between nations encountered almost unanimous opposition on November 2 in the special committee named to examine the proposal. The objections raised were that the Russian proposal was indefinite with regard to what would be interpreted as the "discriminations" which the Soviet non-aggression pact would condemn. M. Elbel of France pointed out that, according to admissions made by M. Litvinov, his accord would be based upon economic measures now practised in the Soviets, where a monopoly of all external commerce is in the hands of the Government.

Spain.—Observers last week predicted that the drafting of the Constitution, the work which the Cortes had been engaged on for the last three months, would be completed in the very near future, and that with the fundamental law of the land ready for ratification, the nation would be able to vote for a new President towards the end of the month. On November 2 and 3, the Cortes, now completely dominated by the radical majority, passed a number of surprising measures. Probably the most unexpected was its decision that after the completion of the

Parliamentary Alignments

New Developments

Friends and Foes of Pilsudski

Soviet Trade Plan

Indian Conference

Cortes Extends Sessions

Constitution there would be no immediate election of Deputies, but that the present members would continue in session as a legislative body. Radical leaders justified this move by stating that the deliberative body which had drawn up the Constitution should be the one to put it into operation, and that only those who fully understood the fundamental law were fitted to pass effective laws for its execution. This move disappointed and angered Conservatives who had counted upon a new election as their only hope of revising the Constitution and eliminating the anti-Church provisions. They claimed that whereas new elections would show a strong Conservative reaction and completely change the radical temper of the present Assembly, the present deputies will, under the new decision, continue in power for at least two more years.

On November 3, some twenty Constitutional articles dealing with the Presidential office were passed. It was decided that the President was to hold office for six years but without privilege of re-election and that no priest would ever be eligible for the office. A measure which aroused widespread interest in diplomatic circles was the article placing restrictions on the President in his power of declaring war, for this article makes the Spanish Constitution the first to refer explicitly to the League of Nations. Before the President can declare war, reads the article in substance, it must be in full accord with the law of the League; it must be clearly a defensive war, and the dispute must first have been submitted for arbitration by the League. An unusual declaration was also embodied in the Constitution when, in the provisions demanding ratification by the Cortes of any commercial and political treaty negotiated by the President, it was added that in the event of failure of such ratification "the citizens need not obey." The Cortes ended a strenuous day of legislation by further provisions in the matter of divorce, in effect depriving the Church of any jurisdiction whatever and placing complete control of marriage cases in the civil courts.

Disarmament.—The resolution adopted on September 30 of this year, inviting sixty-three nations of the world to suspend armament construction for one year, beginning with November, 1931, was accepted by the United States on October 29, and on November 2 thirty-six nations had announced their adherence. These included France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Poland, and Russia. The resolution allowed reservations as to the execution of programs, already determined upon, and for upkeep of material. For the United States, acceptance made little difference, since it permitted completion of the destroyers for which the Government had already contracted; and little if any new construction was contemplated. The United States made the reservation that its agreement was contingent on that of the other principal naval and military Powers. Great Britain reserved action in case of an emergency. The Soviet Government complained that the disarmament proposal was not sweeping enough.

The League of Nations Secretariat published on October 17 a declaration of effectives from the Government of Poland, similar to the declarations already obtained from other nations. According to this, Poland has an army of 265,980 effective troops; a navy of 3,108 men; and an air force of 7,919. The total budgetary estimate of expenditures for 1931-1932 was \$93,236,000; of which \$80,500,000 was for land forces.

Polish Arms Data

International Economics.—Premier Laval, of France, called for a meeting of the council of Ministers, to report on his American trip. Reports were current as to the probable attitudes that would be taken by France and Germany as to the plan proposed by Thomas W. Lamont for direct negotiations between those countries. The figure of 1,000,000,000 marks (\$238,000,000) proposed by Mr. Lamont for Germany's reparations annuity was characterized by the French press as inadequate and by the German as excessive. France evidently wished to stick by the Young Plan, while German opinion looked for a direct convocation of the principal Powers, at which the questions of debts, reparations, etc., would be reopened. The German Government, it was said, would lay stress upon the prolongation of the short-term credits, the total of which was put at about \$2,700,000,000.

France and Germany

Chancellor Bruening announced on November 3, at the first meeting of the German members of the Franco-German economic commission, that it would be divided into four committees. The first would deal with the economic relations of the two countries in general; the second would be assigned to discuss traffic problems; the third would take up the interlocking of economic bodies in the two countries through the organization of business trusts; and the fourth would examine the possibilities of economic cooperation between France and Germany abroad.

Franco-German Commission

On November 15, Philadelphia will celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the Te Deum at St. Mary's after Yorktown. Elizabeth S. Kite will recall the story once more in "Revolutionary Catholic Memories."

"But If It Be a Fossil!" is the exclamation forced out of Francis P. LeBuffe after comparing two sets of outpourings from scientists.

The farm problem is engaging our "best minds." Next week, John LaFarge will show what the Church has to offer to the discussion in his article, "Lifting the Burden Off the Land."

Taking his text from a tragic story of a youthful criminal, Charles Phillips will next week ask us to ponder "The Beginnings of Crime."

"It Snows in Genoa" will be a light essay in the best Belloc manner by Vincent Engels.

How a newspaper man wandered far from the Church and back again in a retreat house will be told by himself, in "A Prodigal Comes Home," by John Webster Curley.

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Federal Education Again

MORE than thirteen years ago, the famous Smith-Towner Federal education bill was introduced. In its original form, the bill was frank and honest. It proposed an absolute control of the local schools by Congress, to be enforced by the grant or refusal of Federal funds.

Looking back upon the long campaign, it is difficult to suppose that the proponents of this bill, said to have been drawn up by Dr. George D. Strayer, of Columbia, could have seriously hoped for success. Opposition sprang up at once, chiefly from the heads of the great private universities and the State institutions in the Middle West, and although never organized in any true sense, it soon grew strong enough to demand amendments. These were granted, but with every concession, opposition grew. Even with the heart of the bill, the authorization of annual Federal appropriations, thrown into the discard, the ultimate purpose and possibilities of the measure were seen to be seriously at variance with the fundamental principles of the Constitution. In spite of the campaign engineered by the National Education Association, backed by two eminent authorities in education, William Randolph Hearst and the Masons of the Southern Jurisdiction, the bill never went beyond hearings by the Congressional committees to which it was referred.

In May, 1929, President Hoover established the National Advisory Committee on Education, directing it to study the relation of the Federal Government to education within the States, and to report its findings to Secretary of the Interior Wilbur. According to a leading article in the *Washington Post* for October 30, the Committee completed its labors on October 7, by filing its report, a volume of some 500 pages. The report has not yet been given to the public, and until that time, detailed criticism is impossible. It is understood, however, according to the *Post*, that the Committee favors the establishment of a Department of Education with powers and duties which make it a national "clearing house of information."

This supposition gains probability from what is known

of the Committee's partial reports beginning more than a year ago. It appears to be conceded that from the beginning education has been deemed a function of the local governments. The Federal Constitution makes no mention, direct or indirect, of education, and since it is further admitted that the Federal Government has no powers except those explicitly granted, or contained by necessary implication in powers so granted, it would follow that Congress has no authority to establish any board or Department, controlling, or interfering with, the rights of the States in education. The Committee accepts this contention by affirming "local autonomy" as a guiding principle in all its deliberations. "Every departure from that long politically established policy should be regarded skeptically," the *Post* quotes the report, "and accepted only when overwhelming evidence is presented that changes in our national life require detailed modifications here and there."

With that conclusion we agree, provided always that the modification is one of degree which leaves the essential principle untouched. But it is difficult to understand how a Committee which affirms the principle in orthodox fashion is willing to expose it to certain destruction by the creation of a Federal Department of Education. If a Department is Constitutional, and necessary, it should be established. If it is not Constitutional, it should not be established. The proposal to establish a Department with no powers other than those of a filing clerk, is a proposal to do something that is impossible. If the head of the Department is a man of enterprise, his first work will be to add to the powers he has, and to extort new ones. That is the history of every bureau and Department. Should he be a good easy man, his subordinates, and the proponents of the original bill, will do that work for him. In either case, the ultimate result would be control of the schools of the States by political bureaucrats at Washington, and a fatal breach in the walls of the Constitution—if there are any walls as yet unrazed.

Our own policy is clear. We oppose the establishment of a Federal Department of Education, with any of the powers mentioned in any bill thus far proposed, on the ground that such action exceeds the Constitutional powers of Congress. We shall also oppose the creation of any Department, alleged to be no more than "a national clearing house" on the ground that it will not long remain in that shorn and impotent condition.

The Law of Loot

HAVING invoked the authority of the Federal arm in sending some of its public enemies to prison, the city of Chicago is now able to look into other fields of civic activity. One of its most recent acts is to pay its public-school teachers. These men and women have been existing from hand to mouth since last Spring, simply because one of the wealthiest cities in the country had no money wherewith to pay their salaries.

Chicago differs from some other cities in its willingness to examine its conscience. In the old muck-raking days, when every morning the sun shone on another broken reputation, Lincoln Steffens wrote of Philadelphia as

"corrupt and contented." But Philadelphia was not alone in that distinction then, nor is she today.

In matters of municipal government, only the exceptional office holder has any conscience. Rarely does he regard his office as a sacred participation in that authority which comes from Almighty God, to be administered zealously and honestly in His sight. Generally he looks on it as a fairly easy way of making a living. As our grand juries know, he not infrequently considers it an easy access to funds and perquisites that are not rightly his.

The philosophy of secularism has hit all governments hard, but it has fairly disrupted municipal governments in this country. When the law of God is pushed aside, the way is cleared for the law of loot.

Thanksgiving Day

IT may be taken for granted that the President pondered long before he wrote his proclamation, recommending that on November 26 "our people rest from their daily labors, and, in their homes and their accustomed places of worship, give devout thanks for the blessings which a merciful Father has bestowed on us." With unemployment at its peak in every State of the Union, and with distress at the very doors of millions of citizens, he probably was obliged to search diligently for civic reasons which might justify his proclamation.

In the first place, the President observes that the harvests have been abundant, but without noting further that the markets have not been good. Next we have been spared from pestilence and calamities, which is true, and "our institutions have served our people," which is true only in a measure. "Knowledge has multiplied and our lives have been enriched with its application. Education has advanced, the health of our people has increased." On these propositions, there may be difference of opinion, but we may agree that "we have dwelt in peace with all nations," which is the last reason for gratitude found by the President.

On the whole, the list is not impressive. It might have been wiser to admit frankly, as Lincoln did on at least one occasion, that while our unseen blessings are probably countless, our visible woes are many and undeniable. Among the chief of our afflictions is a Government which busies itself with activities outside its sphere, and has no time for projects which should be its first concern. Once upon a time, the relations between government and the people were exceedingly simple. They are simple enough today, theoretically, but in practice they involve such complex problems as wages, fair prices for commodities, the regulation of public utilities, and a system of taxation that does not at once shift the entire burden from the shoulders of the opulent capitalist to the backs of the poor. That our Government, State or Federal, has lived up to the full measure of its obligations to the citizen, or to itself, can be claimed only by the most irresponsible of optimists.

Only a searching examination of conscience will reveal the reasons which demand that we publicly testify our gratitude to Almighty God. Distress now stalks through the land, because for many years we have relied upon

temporal prosperity, and in the accumulation of riches have found man's chief aim in life. We boasted that ours was the richest country in the world, and like Dives we had no pity for Lazarus at the gate. We put our trust in a system of education which barred Almighty God and His law from the hearts of our children, and we have raised up a generation which has ruled the world of commerce and finance, and the State itself, on godless principles. God sent His prophets, and we turned a deaf ear, His messengers and we slew them. Now He sends a nation-wide sign that must be acknowledged even by men from whom passion has stolen sight and hearing. For that warning, let us be grateful.

Sickness, as St. Ignatius reminds us, is no less a gift than health. True, it is one of the consequences of sin, but in that Divine Providence made manifest to us and perfected by the Incarnation of the Son of God, it can be transformed into a true blessing that restores to spiritual health. It is this health and cleanness of which our beloved country today stands in sore need. On Thanksgiving Day we shall do well to repeat the words of the Preface which teach us that it is right and just to give thanks unto God our Father at all times and in all places. Let us bow beneath the rod and kiss His chastening hand, praying that in these wounds all our people, and our country, may be made whole.

A Notre Dame Chemist

FORTY years ago, the British chemist, Tilden, began a series of experiments with "isoprene from turpentine." His aim to discover a cheap method of manufacturing rubber. One morning he noted, to his surprise, that in place of a limpid colorless liquid some of his test tubes contained yellowish lumps which, on analysis, proved to be rubber. Tilden had actually made rubber, but he did not know how he did it, and he could not do it again.

This accidental discovery was the starting gun for chemists all over the world. By 1910, Matthews working at Manchester, and Harries at Berlin, had independently hit upon an excellent method, based on drying isoprene with metallic sodium. But isoprene still remained an expensive product, in spite of the discoveries of Fernbach, of the Pasteur Institute, who found that it could be obtained by treating fusel oil with chlorine. In 1909, Hofmann, of Elberfeld, had worked out a process for converting isoprene into pure rubber by the use of heat, and in 1912 at a convention in New York, Duisberg, of Elberfeld, and Perkin, of Manchester, both presented synthetic rubbers, along with the claim that the product could be manufactured at a low cost. But the claim could not be sustained. As Slosson wrote in 1920, it was not difficult to manufacture rubber, but impossible to manufacture it cheaply. "It could be made, but not made to pay."

Reports carried in the press last week indicate that a cheap method has at last been found. Twenty-five years ago a young chemist at Notre Dame, the Rev. Julius A. Nieuwland, C.S.C., Ph.D., attacked the problem that was engaging the chemists at Manchester, Paris, and Elber-

field. Years passed before he could report real progress, but in 1920 he succeeded in obtaining by chemical processes an oil from which rubber could be manufactured. But the real difficulty still remained. Father Nieuwland could make rubber, but he had not been able to devise a process by which it could be manufactured to sell at a lower rate, or at least an equal rate, with the natural product. A few years ago, Father Nieuwland, with his chief assistant, Dr. R. R. Vogt, enlisted the assistance of chemists from the laboratories of the E. I. duPont de Nemours Co. It is now announced that Father Nieuwland has at last solved a problem that has baffled chemists for a half century and more.

Our congratulations go to Father Nieuwland, a modest, hard-working chemist, whose example is a continual inspiration to all his co-laborers. The University, too, is to be congratulated. In these busy days university administrators, like department-store managers, are prone to demand quick turnovers and immediate results. Notre Dame is plainly an exception.

The Elections

IN a statement made prior to the elections, that veteran political reporter, Arthur Sears Henning, of the *Chicago Tribune*, wrote that both the Democrats and the Republicans were looking forward to November 3 with breathless anxiety. Into any accretion of power, the Democrats were ready to read a repudiation of the Administration, while the Republicans would be satisfied if they could but hold their own in the battle at the polls.

The disinterested observer will conclude that the results are not decisive, one way or the other. Barring accident and deaths, the Democrats will organize the House; but an authority which imposes responsibility without conferring real power, is a liability rather than a positive asset. Only two or three votes, at most, separate the Democratic majority from the Republican minority, and in any case no political party cares to strike out with a direct straightforward policy on the eve of a national election. For all the failures of the next Congress the Democrats will bear the blame. The bye elections of 1931 may prove to be a Pyrrhic victory.

Seven months hence the political stage will be arranged on a national scale. Citizens who are sick unto death of the gyrations and trickeries of both the major parties are now looking forward to the June conventions. Sick as they are, hope still burns in their breasts. Will the parties face the real issues, or will they continue the tactics which for many years have undermined decent and intelligent government? What stand will they take on international relations, on unemployment, on Prohibition?

With every good wish for all rational movements for world peace and military disarmament, it is the duty of this Government to look first to the welfare of its own citizens. We have no desire to press unduly the financial obligations of other countries to the United States, but the spectacle of a Government keenly solicitous for the welfare of the inhabitants of Kamchatka, let us say, yet with little solicitude for millions of the unemployed at home, indicates a perversion of right order. Congress

cannot find a job for every man out of work through the simple process of enacting Federal statutes. But it can aid in paving the way to the restoration of an order based on justice and charity.

As to Prohibition, it is admitted that existing conditions please none but the bootlegger. The present paltering devices cannot be reformed; radical changes are imperatively necessary. One radical change would be the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The other would be enforcement, not by resolutions in a party platform, but in fact. Will either party face the issue?

From time to time the party leaders extend an invitation to intelligent college-bred young men and women to take an active part in politics. That so few respond is a natural consequence of the disgust of these intelligent men and women with the narrow and stupid partisanship exhibited by both parties. Those who hope for a third party need not despair. The Democrats and Republicans may succeed in founding it next June.

Praying for Work

A LEAFLET recently distributed at the door of many Catholic churches in New York bears sad witness to the extent of unemployment. One page of the leaflet contains the following "Prayer for Work," bearing the imprimatur of His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes.

O Son of God and Son of the Virgin Mary, Thy Sacred Heart is an ocean of mercy, compassion, and love for all men, but especially for the poor. To Thee I come, filled with confidence, to place my prayer for work in Thy Sacred Heart. Thou didst come to preach the gospel to the poor; Thou didst labor with Thine own hands; Thou didst consecrate poverty by choosing it for Thine own life. O Sacred Heart of Jesus, hear my prayer for work, and in Thy Mother's name grant my request. Amen.

Now it is not to be doubted that Catholics all over the country, following the directions of their respective Bishops, will cooperate fully with all approved plans for the relief of distress. All that can be done in this respect will be needed. But while supporting these plans, they should not be unmindful of the mandate of Pius XI bidding his children all over the world to pray fervently that the burden which sorely presses upon the unemployed may soon be lifted.

Most public works of relief in this country have become, contrary at times to the minds of founders and conductors, all but un-Christian. No doubt this result is due to an effort to escape "sectarianism," coupled with ignorance of the fact that the elimination of the Divine law of charity, promulgated by Jesus Christ, is itself a most offensive and harmful kind of sectarianism. The world today is plunged into distress and millions are destitute, because the financial rulers in all lands have disregarded the Divine commands of justice and charity. Nothing but a return to God and His law will establish peace on a lasting basis. While we strain every effort and shrink from no sacrifice to relieve the suffering, let us not forget to pray to their Father and ours, begging that His power intervene to save. Work can do something, and work is necessary, but without prayer it will not suffice.

The Triumph of Bruening

JOSEPH F. THORNING, S.J.
Special Correspondent of AMERICA

A FEW days before the last session of the Reichstag it seemed impossible that the Bruening Government in Germany would survive the Nationalist-Communist vote of no-confidence. Under the savage attacks of the extreme Right and Left parties the moderate Center groups were apparently crumbling away. The People's party, smarting under the rejection of the customs-union scheme, urged resignation as the only possible course for their own distinguished representative in the Cabinet, Dr. Curtius, the Foreign Minister. In spite of stern measures to ensure party discipline the Socialist pillar shows signs of sagging.

On the eve of the session at Harzburg, the "Nationalist Opposition" committed itself to a flamboyant demonstration against the Government, in which Nazis, Nationalists, the Stahlhelm, Pan-Germans, Land Unionists, retired generals and admirals, and industrialists participated. They demanded the immediate resignations of the Bruening and Braun (Prussian) Governments, the revocation of the dictatorial powers delegated to State Governments, and new elections, especially in the Reich and Prussia. Herr Hugenberg was mentioned as the next Chancellor, while other Cabinets were outlined in which one of the Nationalist generals would head the Government with Dr. Bruening as Foreign Minister to lighten the blow in the field of foreign policy. Out of the confusion it appeared inevitable that two great antagonistic phalanxes would arise, the one Nationalist and the other Communist. The possibilities of civil war in that event were present to every German.

The coolness of the Chancellor in this emergency was marvelous. With masterly skill he reconstructed his Cabinet, placated the wavering Socialists and uncertain elements of the Right Center, held his own party firmly in line, and found a platform broad enough to rally all those who placed the preservation of the Republic before party advantage.

Dr. Bruening's most difficult task was to hold a proper balance between industry and labor. The large employers of labor had deliberately flirted with the idea of currency inflation, besides demanding from the Government further wage reductions, less expenditure for the social services, and a free hand in fixing wages. A counter-manifesto from the leading German trade-union organizations protesting against these demands called for shorter hours to allow for wider employment, the maintenance and increase of the purchasing power of wages, the reduction of customs duties, the relaxation of price arrangements, and a ruthless reduction in "exaggerated public and private salaries and pensions."

It was in the big land-owning circles of Eastern and the heavy industrial circles of Western Germany, which have between them often exercised a decisive influence on German policy, that the notion of repudiation and devalu-

ation seemed most deeply rooted. It was charged in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that leading industrialists who desired inflation as a means of slashing wages and discarding debt actually visited the Chancellor and made this demand a condition of their support or cooperation. Neither Dr. Bruening nor his Finance Minister listened for a moment to these "siren voices" which would have lured Germany from the gold standard. They insisted that a stable currency would have to be the basis of the Reich's economic and financial recovery. As to wage reductions and the loosening of wage agreements, the Chancellor added his firm conviction that it would be impossible to win through the foreboding winter by following a course which would arouse the implacable and united opposition of the workingmen. Thus was averted a "policy of catastrophe."

It was when Dr. Bruening faced the Reichstag that the supreme test was at hand. His words were reassuring. He had taken office, he said, with the chances of success ten to one against him. Conditions had so improved that he ventured to say the chances were now even for carrying the Reich through the worst of her difficulties. Unemployment, although a grievous burden, had not increased at the rate which the Cabinet had anticipated and consequently funds appropriated for relief and public works would last longer and go further.

Then, casting aside his prepared manuscript, he appealed to the Deputies to prevent the German people from being divided into two hostile camps during the coming months of want and international tension. The Chancellor in a fighting mood is a convincing personality and in closing the debate he showed a vivid resemblance to Morley's Gladstone, "now the studious Benedictine, now the fiery hero of the Iliad." The spirited peroration, following pages of calm, finely drawn analysis, won the day, for the wavering Economic party, voting "not according to its heart, but according to its reason," turned the scales in the Government's favor by a majority of 24.

In the press of Berlin, Paris, and London this result was hailed as a personal victory for the Chancellor. Emphasis was laid on his leadership of the nation as opposed to party, and Hitler, recognizing "the essential integrity and character" of the man, ordered the Nazi press to be more measured in its criticism of Dr. Bruening and the men about him. The Nationalists, turning their guns from the Government, will now initiate a new campaign "against Bolshevism." This has been defined by Hitler himself as the "historical role" of German Fascism.

One reason for this moderation on the part of the Nazis may be found in the Chancellor's declaration on reparations. This confronted the world with a dilemma: either to continue loans with which alone payments could be made, or to allow freedom to meet reparations from

an enormous export surplus. He was prepared to say: "Come and see how things are with us. . . . It is not possible to drive things farther like this, because the ruin of Germany, which is still the heart of the world, must lead to ruin and confusion all over the world." His Government, he added, had been the first to fulfil its obligations out of Germany's own strength and not out of loans. Nor did he think the cause of revision would be furthered by an attitude of defiance, fulminatory speeches, or a spectacular display of militarism. The broad intimation was that far better terms would be obtained by a policy of peace and conciliation. The Hoover moratorium and the present panic of international conferences would indicate that Bruening has placed some responsibility for reparations on shoulders other than German.

In the new Cabinet certain features are worthy of special notice. First and foremost is the concentration of two portfolios in the hands of one man. General Groener is both Minister of the Interior and Minister of Defense. There is a psychological as well as practical advantage in having a single individual responsible for the maintenance of law and order and for the department which wields the arm of ultimate appeal. General Groener enjoys the personal friendship of President von Hindenburg and is the link between the President and the group of high officers at the Defense Ministry who have solidly supported the Bruening administration and are known to have no illusions of military grandeur.

The only regrettable part of the change is that it displaces a man of the strength of Dr. Joseph Wirth, who had brought the Department of the Interior to a point of high efficiency. Ten years ago he had proclaimed: "The enemy stands on the Right" and the present leaders of nationalism had not forgotten the remark. Both Dr. Wirth and Dr. Curtius, men of acknowledged international standing, were sacrifices to the actual trend of German politics. When men of their caliber yield to the powerful flames of partisan feeling the achievement of Dr. Bruening in emerging with new laurels and consolidated public opinion is all the more remarkable.

On the other hand he does not underestimate the magnitude of the task that still awaits him. He must now obtain credits for industry and agriculture, and at the same time reduce prices at home. New emergency decrees to regulate the relation of capital and labor are clearly foreshadowed. Sacrifices and hardships must still be borne. Watch and ward has to be kept over the dwindling gold reserves of the Reichsbank. The pressure for inflation may be renewed from time to time. The economic rapprochement with France is an urgent problem. If Dr. Bruening meets these problems with his usual skill and finesse, the Spring elections for President of the Reich may be awaited with entire equanimity. In another article I will relate the results of a personal interview with the Chancellor which he graciously granted to me as Special Correspondent of AMERICA.

A New Persecution in England?

HILAIRE BELLOC

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I HAVE always been convinced that our epoch was moving towards a renewal of active conflict between the Church and the world at no very distant date. Active conflict between the Church and the world means of necessity persecution in some time or place. It does not mean persecution where the Church is sufficiently powerful. It does mean persecution where the civil government is opposed to the Church.

When this view is put forward it commonly sounds fantastic, especially in the ears of English people, though perhaps not so much in the ears of Irish people. Men who have spent their whole lives under conditions where anything approaching overt action against the Church was unknown find it difficult to visualize what it means, and still more difficult to imagine, that their unbroken experience may end. They can understand the Church being very unpopular; if they are both experienced and honest enough to face facts, they believe and appreciate that the Catholic religion has been, in our English world, a tremendous handicap to those who profess it and a handicap heavy in proportion to the vigor with which it is expressed. But that is not the same thing as persecution.

You begin to get persecution, properly so-called, when you have such comparatively mild measures as laws di-

rected against the Religious Orders; forbidding them, for instance, to teach or to live in community, in their habits or according to their rules, without license from the State. You get it in a more severe form when the property of such Orders is stolen, as has been the case in France; the glorious foundation of the Grande Chartreuse in the mountains of Dauphigny, for instance, the worst example among countless others, was stolen with its endowments as cynically as a pickpocket may steal a watch, and the proceeds went into the pockets of the old Masonic politicians and their hangers-on.

One may generalize, and say that the boundary of overt persecution is passed when some definite legislative action is taken against the Church, or against some specifically Catholic activity.

Now as it may be asked along what lines persecution might come in those Protestant societies such as our own, where the anti-clerical attitude of Catholic societies like the French is unknown, I suggest that of many possible ways, an obvious one is the new advance to what are called eugenics, and particularly the growing idea of controlling the birth rate.

In the proceedings of the British Association the other day, everybody must have noticed the remarks of two professors. Mr. Huxley was one of them and Mr.

MacBride the other. These professors in their different ways emphasized exactly this point. The one took it for granted that a controlled birth rate must come, not only to keep population down, but where it might be necessary to prevent depopulation. The other talked of sterilizing people as a matter of course. He talked—equally as a matter of course—of the poor as low, degenerate sort of people, leaving it to be understood by implication that his own middle class were of greater moral and social value—and I suppose millionaires only a little lower than the angels.

Both these men clearly took it for granted that the Catholic ideas of human dignity and human freedom—let alone Catholic morals in such matters—no longer counted; and that the negation of such morals, and public action abominably opposed to all human freedom and human dignity, was only a matter of a short time.

We must not deceive ourselves by the false consolation that talk of this kind is mere academic stuff; that university dons have always been notorious for not being men of the world and for talking nonsense, for passionate affirmations that the moon is made of green cheese, for saying things that have neither rhyme nor reason and only making other people laugh. In this case it is not a mere academic fad which we can afford to laugh at.

The practice of what is called birth control has grown with catastrophic rapidity throughout Protestant society in Europe and the New World. One may say that today there is no moral barrier opposed to it anywhere save by the Catholic Church.

Now observe the consequences of this.

It means that, in a comparatively short time, those who are sincerely Catholic in life and practice will be outbreeding the rest. It means that where the Church is in a smaller or larger minority, that minority will tend very soon to increase rapidly in proportion to the hostile majority around it.

No majority takes the threat of a growing minority without opposition to that growth.

So you have two very powerful forces threatening to come into action during the future, and probably the near future. First, the dread that the non-Catholic world will have of seeing all that is meant by Catholicism increasing numerically, as it has already so much increased in power morally and intellectually. Secondly, the supposed social necessity of preventing the poorer classes from increasing at the expense of the richer.

These two forces combined will, I think, almost inevitably lead to legislation which no Catholic will be able in conscience to obey.

And when the State gives orders which cannot in conscience be obeyed by any Catholic, then persecution automatically arrives.

Nearly all official persecution appears in the eyes of those who exercise it to be no more than the enforcement of normal law. A mob may perpetrate an act of mere hatred, or an anarchic State may act somewhat as a mob when it harries aliens or people of a different mentality, when it has pogroms of Jews or massacres of Armenians; but in a highly organized State severely re-

pressing mob action when it persecutes, then persecution has the appearance of being no more than a quiet and normal enforcement of admitted law. A law is passed, supposedly in the interests of the community, which penalizes large families. So long as it takes the subtle form of putting them to an even graver economic disadvantage than they already suffer, it can hardly be called persecution; but once you get a command for limiting the family, once you get public action authorizing the sterilization of whomever the public authorities choose to sterilize, then you have persecution; because you will inevitably be requiring Catholics to do what they will refuse to do.

Personally, I believe that the preliminary steps of that abomination will be tentative. It has always been so with each decline from the old standard of Christian morals and their expression in legislation.

The enemies of right living begin with a flank attack, as they have done, for instance, in the matter of education. They make laws which do not on the surface appear to be directly opposed to sound principles, but the effect of which will be much the same as though they had acted directly against those principles. Thus, in that very matter of education, the attack does not take the form of forbidding Catholic continuation schools, but of making it difficult and perhaps, at last, impossible for them to compete with the State-aided schools.

In the case of the so-called "eugenic" effort, the attack will probably come in the form of permissive legislation at first, of helping what is called birth control by all possible means—subsidized clinics, subsidized propaganda, pamphlets, and the rest.

They may well go on to a further step of an enquiry on the size of families, and making a large family a bar to public employment, which bar will have its effect on private employment as well.

But in the long run the thing takes form as positive legislation, enforcing the new morals, which are nothing more nor less than the contradiction of Christian morals and the attempt to subvert them and supplant them: the destruction of what is good and its replacement by evil.

Let not those of the older generation who remember a very different state of affairs in England believe that such a view of the future is fantastic.

There has been a profound moral revolution in our time; it is still proceeding at top speed, like the rapids of a river which increase in violence as you approach the cataract. The older England was anti-Catholic indeed, but it retained great fragments of Catholic doctrine and Catholic morals. The vague word *Christian* was used to imply the retention of such fragments. But the number and importance of such relics is quickly diminishing.

Whether those of my own generation will before they die be faced by the consequences of that moral revolution no one can tell. That our children will be faced with it seems to me certain.

And then will be discovered at last that truth which Catholics in England have been so reluctant to admit, namely, that the ultimate moral state of the Protestant culture will be far worse than the condition produced by mere anti-clericalism in the Catholic culture.

An English Martyr of 1680

RICHARD J. PURCELL, PH.D.

ON the one-hundredth anniversary of Catholic Emancipation, there were beatified some 250 English men and women, priests, nobles, gentlefolk, laborers, and servants who died for the Faith in the period of the Tudors and the Stuarts or who were legally executed as political traitors for their share in reputed Papal plots. Loyal to their Faith, penal laws of an established political religion made them traitors to their king and country when they were merely disloyal to a capitalistic State Church with the king as its head. Among the so-called traitors to a sovereign whom he worshipfully served and among the Martyrs for the old creed of Englishmen, was Sir William Howard, Viscount Stafford, whose heroic death in those ignoble days of the trumped-up popish plot merits the veneration of English-speaking Catholics, and of liberals who detest the combination of Church and State and who protest a belief in religious liberty or at least in a narrower religious toleration.

Sir William was a scion of the conspicuous Howard family which had leaped from a peasant's plough to the judicial bench under Edward I and continued to win renown and wealth by loyal service and prudent marriages through succeeding generations. A Duke of Norfolk, head of the family, who could trace descent from Edward I and royal St. Louis of France through Mowbray, marshaled the peerage at the coronation of the wretched Richard III. Another Howard won the fight at Flodden Edge. Henry VIII preferred Anne Boleyn to the Faith of which he had lately been dubbed a Defender by the Pope; and soon he preferred another Howard, Katherine, to Anne. The third Duke of Norfolk, as a favorite of Henry, profited from the sequestered monastic lands, although his son, the poetic Earl of Surrey, was doomed to the block. It was Howard of Effingham who managed Elizabeth's unmanageable seadogs and thereby defeated the Spanish Armada. His loyalty despite his Catholicism could hardly be questioned by contemporaries.

Then, there was Philip, Earl of Arundel, Sir William's grandsire, who refused Elizabeth's favor on condition of a single attendance at Protestant service as he heroically answered from his cell in the Tower that, "if my religion be the cause for which I suffer, sorry I am that I have but one life to lose." And Arundel died in the Tower, where visitors still read his name carved with a diamond in the cold rock. The fourth Duke of Norfolk went down with Mary Stuart, Queen of the Scots. Under James I, the Howards fared better with a general amnesty for their heavily taxed recusancy; with Thomas of Suffolk, priest-baiter, and Henry of Northampton, a nominal papist, in the Privy Council; with the Catholic Charles Howard of Nottingham, in command of his majesty's navy; and with "Belted Will" of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," ruler of the turbulent Scottish border, an open recusant who bred a family of fifteen children in the old Faith.

The martyred Arundel's son, Arundel, married the Earl of Shrewsbury's Catholic heiress whose fortune was not her only asset, for she was tolerable looking and well bred. At any rate, Arundel, then orthodox, was able to repurchase Arundel House on the Thames and stock it with Continental art treasures. Three years after the birth of his son, Sir William Howard, he conformed with the Established Church for the sake of preferment and in hopes of a complete restoration of titles and estates; but in this, like many a time-server, he was disappointed. Not long after, his mother, the Countess, endowed a Jesuit house of studies at Ghent, where one of Arundel's sons died and where his heir (the Cardinal's father) was trained in the Faith. And in London, her house became a sanctuary for Londoners who would go to Mass; much as Queen Anne of Denmark with her Capuchin friars made of neighboring Somerset House.

Sir William on graduation from Cambridge spent years in studious exile on the Continent or with his secretly Catholic father on various political missions before marrying the sturdy Catholic heiress of Stafford along with the title of viscount. An associate of fiery Prince Rupert, he, like all the Howards, save the Earl of Carlisle, fought for the Stuarts in the Great Rebellion. And like his kinsmen, he suffered and paid dearly under the Commonwealth for his loyalty to King and to Church. During the interregnum, he sojourned on the Continent and in Rome, where the English colony had as a center the ancient hospice of St. Thomas à Becket, where, incidentally, Crashaw and even Milton had been entertained.

Here he had a Dominican nephew, Philip Howard, who later aided in the establishment of the English Dominicans at Bornheim in Flanders, whence sprang the American Dominicans, and who still later served the Catholic cause when he was almoner to Catherine of Braganza, consort of King Charles II. In these years, the Viscount was desperately annoyed by family feuds and lawsuits over estates with dwindling incomes, as were many Catholic families under penal laws which so cunningly contrived to award the apostacy of mercenary members with the legal claims to paternal properties.

With the restoration of the Stuarts, Catholic hopes were high, but Charles proved powerless to relieve his Catholic supporters and to compensate them for their sacrifices of blood and wealth. Viscount Stafford, who was reported to Charles as wholly devoted to his service, rushed to Breda with an offer of £100,000 on behalf of English Catholic gentlemen for the removal of penal disabilities. Later he alone of the Catholic peerage dared vote for the exclusion of the Anglican bishops from the House of Lords (1661). However for Catholics, there was no relief. Clarendon and the High-Church party had their way. The laws against Catholics remained on the statute books, and these enactments were no idle threat, although for a time peers of the realm were rarely an-

noyed. Drastic laws were passed to suppress Protestant dissenters. That arch-Jacobin, the aged Catholic Marquis of Winchester, than who no man served the Stuarts with greater sacrifice, was left in an uncomplaining seclusion only brightened by his marriage to a youthful daughter of Viscount Stafford.

The Earl of Clarendon was followed by the Cabal, by Danby, and by Shaftesbury, by vicious intrigues, political factionism, and fanatical bitterness. Catholics were forbidden to appear at Court; the test act was forced upon all office holders. Even Lord Clifford, who long neglected religion, refused to subscribe to this test. Only the Queen's chapel which is said to have had as high as twenty-eight priests, the embassy chapels, and secret oratories of Catholic nobles and gentry, kept the Faith alive. Stafford labored unceasingly for Catholic relief. Nor did he hesitate to go openly to Rome when Philip Howard was made a Cardinal nor to visit his cloistered daughters in Louvain and Bornheim. On his return to London, he found the Monument with its inscription charging the great fire to Catholic malcontents: "The burning of the Protestant city was begun and carried out by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction." To such a degree had fanaticism become entrenched. Yet it was an old charge which Nero used when Rome burned. Curiously enough in America, the epidemic of 1832 was one of the causes of nativist agitation against foreigners and Catholics. To make matters worse, English Catholic ranks were divided over the oath of allegiance and the personal conflict between Stafford and the honorable but petulant Earl of Peterborough, who, however, two years later had himself carried on a litter into the House of Lords that he might vote not-guilty for Stafford and thus redeemed himself.

Politics had become religion. The Whigs would exclude the avowed Catholic Duke of York from the throne on the death of his brother Charles II who had no legitimate direct heirs. Some wanted the illegitimate Duke of Monmouth while others preferred the Duke's Protestant daughter, Mary, and her consort, William of Orange. In the Lords only Stafford protested a bill which would lighten the penal laws in order that they might be more rigorously enforced because of a clause which provided that Catholic orphans be raised Protestants. But the bill was disallowed by the Commons (1667). In 1678, a new test act was passed, though the Lords exempted among a few others James, Duke of York, from its provisions knowing that he would give up the Three Kingdoms rather than the Mass, and not wanting the Dutch Prince of Orange as their sovereign. The Duke of Norfolk refused the oath and left Parliament as did most of the Catholic peers, though his son, Baron Mowbray, kept his seat and left the Church. It was realized by exclusionists that only a plot and Popish panic would keep James from becoming king.

There was invented the popish plot. Of this the Laborite leader, Professor Ramsay Muir, of Manchester University, in his recent "Short History of the British Commonwealth," has written: "They were content to play upon the fear of Rome and the distrust of the

Catholic Duke of York, which even Danbury and his followers shared."

The growing opposition of the two parties broke into violent hostility in 1678, when a number of circumstances combined to raise the political temperature. In the first place the infamous Titus Oates turned up from the Continent during the summer recess of Parliament with a story of a Jesuit plot to murder the King in order that the Duke of York might succeed to the throne. The Duke had been an avowed Catholic for two years, and Oates charged his confessor with being a party to the plot. The story of the plot got abroad. It was eagerly believed by the heated imaginations of the time. The whole nation went mad; juries were prepared to hang the most innocent Catholics on the most flimsy evidence, and Oates was soon reinforced by other perjurers, ready to swear to anything. It was a cowardly panic, of which the nation had reason to be ashamed, and which responsible men should have done their best to allay. But when Parliament met, the temptation to Shaftesbury and his friends to make use of the popish plot in their attack on the Duke of York and the Government was too strong to be resisted.

Numerous arrests were made. The mob demanded action. Witnesses and juries were ready. Five Jesuits went to death as did a lawyer. Many were pilloried and imprisoned. But Chief Justice Scroggs saw that the weak King was displeased, and judges had royal appointments, hence three Benedictines were freed as plotters and sent to the Tower as priests, where one, Don Maurus Corker, prepared Venerable Viscount Stafford and Blessed Oliver Plunkett for death. Other priests throughout England were executed in the following month but as priests, not as plotters. Stafford was tried by his brother-peers in the House of Lords—five days of bitterness, perjured witnesses, bribed oath takers. In the final vote, he was condemned as guilty by 55 out of the 86 Lords who were present, and among those who voted his death there were four of his kinsmen in the House of Peers. In pronouncing sentence, the Lord High Steward, as had the managers of the trial, made it clear that his creed was his mortal offence.

With final greetings to his wife and his attending daughter, the Marchioness of Winchester, his daughters in Belgian convents, and a son who was a student in an English refugee college in Lisbon, the aged man went to the block on St. Thomas à Becket's Day, 1680, as he protested his innocence, his loyalty, and his faith. Indeed, there was a touch of Sir Thomas More as he whispered to his friends, "I may perhaps shake for cold but not, please God, for fear."

With Stafford's death the fury was over. Parliament refused to set aside James, Duke of York. The Lords within five years voted with only five peers in opposition to remove the attainder of Stafford's blood but the Commons failed to agree. His son Henry as Earl of Stafford went into exile with James II. But not until 1824 did Parliament reverse the attainder of his blood, long after any sober person believed in his guilt or any serious historian in the popish plot.

The Passing of the Monsignor

PASCAL ROYAL

THE news of his illness had swept through the parish with crushing and fearful directness. For weeks, everyone, young and old, alike, had stormed heaven with prayers for his recovery. For weeks they had sent messages, flowers and gifts to the "sick room" that the Monsignor might know that he was never absent from their thoughts (could a parish forget him for even an hour?) but through it all, they realized that his four-score years were against him and that never again would he walk down the street from the rectory, a flock of children at his heels, or champion their rights as he had done these many, many years.

Then, one grim, cheerless day, the bell on the old stone church had tolled, and they knew that the Monsignor was dead. Their Monsignor! It scarcely seemed possible that he could die—a man always so vigorous and so full of deep-throated laughter, a man with such ruddy color in his face and such military grace to his step. (They had scouted the idea of eighty years in one who had kept so close to the mind and heart of youth.) They only knew that in the passing of the Monsignor the humble parish in the outgrown environs of a great city had no longer a pulse. Its heart beat had ceased.

On the afternoon before the funeral, the Monsignor had been taken to the church. Slowly, solemnly, they had borne him from the rectory down the narrow, tree-shaded street. (How many times he had trod that same path, the children clinging to his cassock!) The bell had tolled . . . again, tolled . . . tolled . . . and all around was the silence of deep and sincere grief. The procession had walked past his garden, and close to the old familiar places which had known his daily presence for nearly thirty years, then, for the last time, into the old stone church where, reverently, they had placed him before the beautiful altar at which he had celebrated the Holy Sacrifice with such fervor. Above him hung his beloved masterpiece—the Crucifixion, sublime in its loneliness and suffering. Far into the night vast throngs had poured into the church, despite the rain—young and old, rich and poor, lamenting softly their loss as they had passed noiselessly down the dimly lighted aisle. (What parish had known such sorrow!)

In the morning, those who could not enter the church had lined the streets, tense in their subdued grief, awaiting the dignitaries of the Church and the officials of State and city. He had been a man of simplicity, the Monsignor, never in the limelight, but his powerful spiritual influence had glorified a community and those in the high places had come to pay tribute to his greatness. (In promoting the honor and glory of God in his people had he not fostered and strengthened the State?)

After the solemn services, the mayor of a proud city, with men prominent in public life had walked in the stately cortege through the old streets, past historic homes which had sheltered the humble beginnings of a nation's sterling patriots. Then, had come . . . Calvary, the wait-

ing grave, the sun flooding the open spaces with its own radiance, a choir of birds caroling in the huge trees, overhead, and . . . the chanting of the Benedictus. At the very last, it was his brother-priest, the companion of fifty years, who had recited the final prayers and made the Sign of the Cross as the remains were lowered to the grave. Only death could sever their loyal, close friendship—the Monsignor's passing to eternity.

But, in the days that followed, it was the old folks who felt the Monsignor's death more keenly, for they had known him as a young man and memories crowd upon one another when the years are many and long, bringing other memories in their wake. Some of them had known his gentle, kindly mother. (It was nothing short of uncanny how she lived in her son, proving that a valiant woman never dies.)

The Monsignor came of a fine family, in a generation noted for its simplicity of living and sterling Catholicism. In his own home he absorbed much of the spirituality which brought him close to the Church and its ideals. It is to be regretted that no Catholic writer has crystallized the thought of this period and given it a deserved place in contemporary history. The social edifice of these early Catholics, in a Puritan city, was built on two immutable foundations: the Church and their deeply-rooted Irish culture which centuries of penal laws could not destroy. The genial, unaffected hospitality of their homes, inspired strong and lasting friendships. Wealth was unknown among them, tragedies and hardship often around the corner, yet, to the hardy character training of these pioneers may be credited many intellectual giants of the Church and a vast number of men and women who overcame bigotry and prejudice and swayed public opinion through the sheer beauty of their own blameless lives.

A noted ecclesiastic once said: "The home is the primeval school. It is the best, the most hallowed and the most potential of all academies, and the parent, especially the mother, is the first, the most influential and the most cherished of all teachers." In a family of thirteen girls and boys, where the parents were rulers rather than the ruled, the Monsignor, as a small boy, passed an unusually happy childhood. The extraordinary mother, respected for her broad vision as for her ingenuous neighborliness and tranquil household management, so impressed her children that they carried her standards, unconsciously, through their own long lives and to the end loved to recall the naive efficiency of this sweet-faced woman whose hidden charities so raised her above the commonplace as to identify her with sainthood. (Memories!)

There was that day, long ago, when the stranger had come to the door, desperately ill and homeless in a foreign land. (He really knew someone, who knew someone else, at home in the old country, so who could refuse him shelter?) It developed that he had the dreaded "ship's fever," so he was quarantined in the spare room—which

actually, could not be spared—and guarded carefully until he recovered. If some of the smaller members of the household stole in occasionally to see the "greenhorn," it was partly because they pitied his sad state and wholly, because contagion had no terrors for them. When the family across the street had scarlet fever there was no one to "give a hand" because of the "blackness" of the disease. (Oh, the pity, when children were so precious!) The neighbors reminded the Monsignor's mother that her own children could not escape it, if she went into the contagion, but she knew better (as if the Mother of God would neglect her own!). The very last, in a more enlightened age, to be converted to the germ theory were the children of this heroic mother.

And yet, she was only one, of hundreds of women of her day, to attend daily Mass and dedicate Saturday to Our Lady as a day of prayer and abstinence. Small wonder that the alert sons and daughters acquired early in life a delightfully wholesome acquaintance with the things of heaven which in time ripened into a loyal friendship. (Was not the eldest girl in every family called Mary in honor of the Blessed Mother?)

The Mary of the Monsignor's family, his oldest sister, was closely linked to the story of the Monsignor as so many other devoted, faithful sisters are part of the spiritual or material success of brothers who become great men. There is no sweeter story told than that of this clever girl who "mothered" the little boy, who worked for him through college and seminary years and who, in her widowhood, took charge of the rectory and dispensed largess and charity to the poor, as her mother had done in the days of their childhood. To be sure, there were times when the Monsignor's best suit of clothes adorned some mendicant, not averse to clerical garb, and there were occasions when the larder suffered indignity, but the joy of her saintly presence, the merriment of her conversation, and her gift of understanding and sympathizing with others, brought inspiration wherever she went. No cloistered nun was happier than she in her nearness to the tiny alcove chapel, at the foot of the stairs, which she adorned with such richness, and no more exquisite needle work went to a stately cathedral than the altar linens for the miniature chapel and the Monsignor's little church.

It is a singular coincidence that the Monsignor's last years were spent in the midst of the sacred things which he had loved and cared for in his youth. When the encroachment of business closed the church of his boyhood, the furnishings, and even the stone itself, were transplanted to another site, and to this parish the Monsignor was appointed—a vigorous man, then and tireless. He could easily have graced the high places, this man of God, with his fine culture and nobility of purpose, but he was destined for difficult labor in a field where he was to "restore all things in Christ."

He had little material prosperity to further his ends, yet he accomplished wonders which a wealthy parish might envy—his sanctuary choir, one of the finest in a big city, which he often directed himself, the community house where neighborliness and the practical arts were cultivated as well as the social graces (Oh, the little ones and

their plays, how they will miss him!), to say nothing of the camp at the seashore, to keep up with the times and give tired folks a chance to rest. And such curates as had worked with him! The pride of the parish and—as the Monsignor's mother would have said, "the apple of God's eye."

There were many issues which the Monsignor met in his ministry, always with becoming dignity. He was a determined fighter where a principle was at stake. When the modern lawlessness reared its ugly head in his little domain he fought it fearlessly, knowing well the price. It recalled to the elders the dark days of the more unscrupulous corner saloon, when men and women impoverished home and children for liquor. The Monsignor did not needlessly antagonize, but he could not stand by and countenance injustice. It is said that he stood perilously near the source of temptation, so near that he could bid everyone who passed a pleasantly cordial "good evening," and it is further stated that those who passed, passed on.

At the very end when his sufferings were almost unbearable, someone had remarked his distress. His patience and endurance seemed superhuman. "My sufferings, when God suffered so much for me?" He had prayed incessantly to the Sacred Heart, to the Blessed Mother, and to St. Joseph to whom he had been warmly attached. Then, one day, the years seemed to fall away and he called for the sister who had preceded him to heaven by a few short years. The others of the large family, all but one, had gone on ahead, but it was of her he was thinking, knowing that the Blessed Mother could not refuse her plea. She had loved him so dearly, so tenderly.

"Mary," he called on that last day, "Mary, come take me," and we must believe that Mary (there can be no sweeter saint in heaven) heard him and came for him, for the Monsignor died on Mary's birthday.

The Door-to-Door Industry

ARTHUR D. McAGHON

SOME of them are born salesmen, sleek, smiling, and glib. Their line is orthodox and compelling; they show more self-confidence in offering to sell you a vacuum cleaner or an oil-burning furnace than you show in refusing to buy it. If your resistance is successful, they retreat with a gallant grace which is in itself a rebuke that might rankle. These fellows are not faring so badly. They never will. They have a gift and they have a salary.

But most of the strangers who ring your doorbell in these lean times are born file clerks, shipping clerks, bookkeepers, floorwalkers, stenographers, seamstresses, and timekeepers. They come to you (provided you dwell in a private house and not in an apartment) in an almost constant stream, with an astonishing variety of household accessories, implements, and ornaments—ingenious creations you wouldn't want even in prosperous days.

With the advent of cold weather, the procession quickens and lengthens. You are discussing the vanilla-extract situation with a young man who, you are sure, used to work in a peaceful bank. He probably has three children and a worried wife waiting to be evicted from

their two-room home. Now, your pantry shelves already look as though you had instituted a five-year plan on flavoring extracts. It would be simply sentimental extravagance to take another bottle of the stuff, and yet—well that young man's eyes could haunt your nights. You realize that you are facing a Test, and you think of St. Paul's epistle on Charity.

Then suddenly you hit upon what seems a happy compromise. You say "I really don't need any vanilla today, but if this will be of any help—" And you offer him a quarter. He might accept it with humble gratitude. On the other hand, he might not. He might say (and they have in truth said that very thing) "No, thank you. I'm not allowed to take it. I might lose my license." Unless he have the professional selling instinct, he will back away after that and your generous, though frustrated, impulse will lessen your feeling of guilt.

Of course, they aren't all like that. Your reactions will vary with the different types of personality and sometimes your conscience is not involved in the contact at all. When you dismiss a high-powered go-getter seeking your order for a \$250 electric refrigerator, you may do it without either a sense of triumph or a pang of remorse. But when you decline to buy a twenty-five-cent pot holder from a wan depression victim, you suffer. You might suffer to the extent of going out on the front porch and calling the wretch back. Or at least you will be amazingly prompt in handing the next caller a dime for a roll of adhesive tape.

You've got to be hard boiled indeed in order to turn away the little girl whose thin hand holds out to you a stiff bouquet of wax roses made, you suppose, by her sickly mother. Certainly, you don't want a wax rose. It looks waxy and its coloring is feverish. If you were to place a half a dozen of them in a vase you would have a cheap and vulgar-looking decoration for your living room. But it seems easier to deal with a wax rose in your house than to crush that child heart with even the softest of "no-thank-yous."

A scholarly, white-haired gentleman who give you a courtly bow when you open the door, announces himself as a representative of the G— Piano Company. Immediately you think "Are there still such people as piano tuners in this world?" But this patrician wants to know if you would be interested in *purchasing* a grand piano! His genuine dignity almost saves him from being pathetic. He appears ready to bow himself out even before you answer his inquiry. He looks as if he understands how grotesque would be the coincidence of your needing a grand piano at the precise moment of his ringing your doorbell to ask you to buy one. It is not difficult to smile him away. You have a piano. Perhaps your radio and your phonograph have kept it mute for years, but anyway, you have one, and not the most scrupulous interpretation of St. Paul could make you believe you ought to have two. And you cannot offer this gentleman a quarter.

There is the pale, dowdy, little woman who wedges herself gently inside of your house and sits down with a disconcerting air of permanence. Her line, unquestion-

ably sincere, is apostolic. She represents a Bible Society. For a nickel she will give you a startling pamphlet which contains a warning that Six Evangelists with flaming swords soon will arise to cut down all of us religious hypocrites. Yes, she says, with a bland smile, the end of the world is near. And what are you going to do about it? She seems satisfied when you hand her the nickel. But she is plainly tired, and so you let her sit a while longer and discuss theological mysteries. Her church, she says, is not an affair of four walls. The church is "all around her."

In sharp contrast is the belligerent-looking, lantern-jawed individual who wears a War-service pin in his shoddy button hole. He practically demands that you buy Volume I, Number 1 of an illustrated joke book entitled *Wounded Veteran's Weekly* or something like that. He gives you the impression that it is a matter of duty and while he talks his eyes are like gimlets. Well, how can you prove that he *wasn't* gassed in the Argonne? And that he isn't in dire need of medical aid which Government red tape denies him? The joke book costs only ten cents. He grabs the coin with something of a collector-of-internal-revenue attitude and departs with a gruff, almost inarticulate, expression of gratitude.

And so the abnormal procession moves on: cleaning fluids, handkerchiefs, hosiery, babies' hats, vegetables fresh from the farm, home-made candy, queer brushes that look as though they have infantile paralysis, perfumes, skin-softeners, key rings that can also be used as shoe horns and cork screws, stands for hot flatirons, collapsible thimble holders, tape measures with road maps on the reverse side, magazine subscriptions with complete sets of O. Henry, and cakes of compressed fruit that will not turn into wine unless you dilute them with this and that. . . .

It is a unique and distressing problem that seems somehow to transcend the fundamental law of supply and demand. You are waiting for the great economists, bankers, and statemen to solve the larger and more complicated difficulties; to establish an international standard of exchange; to regulate production and consumption; to restore job sources and to assure a living wage for the workingman. In the meantime, right on your own welcome mat, so to speak, the door-to-door industry is flourishing—flourishing in the sense that more dismayed clerks and craftsmen are entering it every day.

It looks like the last desperate resort of the white-collar man. The depression has driven him to it and the depression, paradoxically, seems to be helping him to get his bread money out of it. The reason for this is that, by means of a vast and persistent publicity, everybody is kept conscious of Hard Times. Everybody can and must do something about it. And so you, taking a few cents out of your own meager reserve, purchase a razor-blade eliminator from a Hard Times victim.

Suppose—you say to yourself as the bowed victim walks down your front steps—suppose I had to do that sort of thing myself? Well, maybe you will have to do it if you do not soon discover which corner it is that prosperity is "just around."

Sociology

Wage Cuts and Minimum Wage

FRANCIS P. KILCOYNE

IN the mills in Lawrence, Mass., a ten-per-cent wage adjustment, downward, went into effect on October 13. In the public announcement, the representatives of the three largest corporations (American Woolen Co., Pacific Mills, and Arlington Mills) declared that "the mills have felt keen competition from manufacturing centers outside of Lawrence where wages have been reduced during the past twelve months." The effort to sell textiles manufactured in Lawrence plants "at competitive prices with those quoted from communities where wage rates have been reduced . . . has entailed substantial financial losses to the mills and the stockholders, as well as to our employes through lack of continuous employment." The statement notes in addition to this lower wage competition, the "longer working hours outside the State of Massachusetts." The mill representatives then state that the idea of reducing wages concerns itself with the hope that it is better to have people employed at lower wages than to have unemployment for thousands.

Some few months back the activities of the efficiency experts who had been operating in these textile plants were discontinued, after a citizens' committee had interested itself in the recommendations which these experts had communicated to the various mill managements. It is interesting to note, in passing, that representatives of the mills definitely declined the tender of this committee's services for a joint conference between employer and employe.

A partial list of localities in which downward adjustments in wages have been made, together with the dates and the percentages, was provided by the employers' group, and includes the following:

Holyoke, Mass., February, 1931—12½ per cent
 Lowell, Mass., February, 1931—10 per cent
 Farnumville, February, 1931—12½ per cent
 Watertown, Mass., February, 1931—12½ per cent
 No. Brookfield, Mass., January and June, 1931—17 and 8½ per cent
 Canton, Mass., September, 1931—10 per cent
 Uxbridge, Mass., March, 1931—10 per cent
 Franklin, Mass., November, 1930—5 to 15 per cent
 No. Douglas, Mass., September, 1930—7 per cent
 Bellingham, October and December, 1930—10 and 10½ per cent
 No. Smithfield, February, 1931—12½ per cent
 Providence, R. I., December, 1930—12½ per cent
 Manton, R. I., December, 1930—12½ per cent
 Woonsocket, R. I., December, 1930 to February, 1931—12½ to 15 per cent (about twenty concerns)
 Oldtown, Me., December, 1930 to July, 1931—12½ to 20 per cent
 Manchester, N. H., September, 1931—10 per cent.

Robert J. Watt, secretary-treasurer of the Massachusetts State Branch of the American Federation of Labor, charged the State Minimum Wage Commission with the responsibility of not having established a minimum wage in the textile industry. He directed his criticisms at the "ability or inability" of the Commission members to administer the State minimum-wage law properly, and stated that they lacked social vision.

Mr. Watt, who is also president of the Central Labor Union in the city of Lawrence, asserted that family welfare organizations have fixed \$98.19 as the minimum cost of a monthly budget for a family of five. He pointed out that there are thousands of textile workers who are receiving \$18.00 and less per week in the textile cities of New England. The writer has heard grocers and butchers say that many people are not purchasing meat and this is true of sections outside of New England. One man told of a woman in the neighborhood who buys two or three eggs at a time, and one or two slices of meat—for the youngsters in the grades.

While the mill managements refused to consider a conference sponsored by the citizens' committee, for employer and employe, one of the mills, in a conference with representatives of its working forces, declared that it could not agree on \$20.00 per week as a minimum. Some married men in this plant were then receiving the sum of \$17.50 per week, and under the downward adjustment would get \$15.34 in their weekly envelope—if they work a full week.

Union officials were most reluctant to call a strike. They asked that the wage cuts be withdrawn until conferences can be held to consider all phases of the industry—wages, living costs, the cost of raw materials and of finished goods, and the competitive claims. Let this evidence be presented to the Citizens' Committee, admittedly a fair group, for a decision on the merits of the facts. A "sentiment vote" was taken among the members of the American Textile Workers Union, Inc. (a company union), on the question: "Are you in favor of the ten per cent cut in wages and no overtime pay?" The vote stood 908 opposed to 8 in favor—this in one plant.

A minimum-wage law prohibits the payment of less than a given amount to workers in a certain group. Legislatures regard the amount labeled "minimum" as necessary to provide the primary needs. The "flat-rate" law states the lowest amount to be paid. "Wage-board" laws create a commission with the power to fix the bottom wage for each specified trade, and to compel the employer to pay this wage. The Massachusetts law has no provision for the legal enforcement of established wage rates. It depends on public opinion. The names of employers failing to toe the line may be published by the Commission in local papers. This device has been put into operation with good results. None of the minimum-wage laws apply to men workers, save perhaps local regulations enacted by town or city councils, and affecting contractors.

The Rev. Dr. Francis J. Haas notes in his splendid volume, "Man and Society," among the arguments for a minimum-wage law for men, the fact that the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of the District of Columbia took official action in favor of the passage of such a law, in 1918. The Congressional Committee noted in its report: "Their approval means that such legislation is recognized as being based on sound business principles, because it makes for a more efficient and more contented labor force. It also protects the fair and enlightened employer from underbidding competitors."

It would seem that the contention of the mill managements that they must consider competition from sources where longer hours are permitted and lower wages are paid, has some merit. The fact also remains that the principle of the minimum wage is sound, and that wage cuts tend to defeat themselves because they lower morale and permanently impair the working capacity of employes. Wages and capital alike bear the brunt of depression. Capital bore the major portion of the burden of prosperity. What is the way out?

Education

Their Money's Worth

M. B. McMAIN

THE average Catholic is generous—he likes to give to the Church. The Catholic Church is the foremost advocate of just compensation for labor. The Catholic Church, in its ordinary business dealings, pursues a sound financial policy.

Why, then, is the average employe of an organization operated by the Church underpaid? It is a common thing for people so employed, to work for less than they would if engaged in similar work for another organization. They are made to feel, of course, that they are working for God, and that by working for less money they are contributing to His work.

"Business is business," and it would seem that business methods should prevail in any business transaction, regardless of the parties involved. The Church organization concerned is paying for a commodity—the time and labor of the person employed—and it seems but fair that the organization should pay at least the market price for that commodity. Then, after the employe has received that market price, let him contribute from that salary (and he will!) to the support of the organization. But let it be a free and voluntary act on his part, not an enforced giving.

In our opinion, the organization would not be the loser through the adoption of such a policy, but would gain immeasurably for more than one reason. For one thing, many young people, compelled to earn their own living and to contribute to the support of some dependent, feel that they can not afford to work for the small salary offered by the Church organization. These same young people are often especially fitted for such work, through temperament, training, and love for the Church. By making it possible for them to engage in that work, the organization would often receive a far greater return in the quality of work performed than by employing others at less money. And the employes, feeling that they were receiving a just compensation for their services, would contribute more gladly and freely to the Church's projects. Of course, if a person has other means, and can afford to work for a small salary, that is a different matter, but few of our Catholic people are so situated.

So much for employment in Catholic organizations. There is another, not less important, phase to this matter of receiving fair value.

Practically all Catholic schools and colleges exact fees. We realize that there is a reason for this. Most of our schools have no endowment, and are dependent upon contributions and upon tuition charges for their support. We are glad, therefore, to make every sacrifice in order to meet these charges and enable our children to attend the Catholic schools. But we are entitled to a just return for our money, and by a just return we mean a return that is as great as can be given under the conditions obtaining in our schools.

There seems to be one point upon which most students agree that they do not get their money's worth—and that is in the matter of meals. Now that does not mean that the students expect anything unusual or expensive in the line of foods. On the contrary they would be well satisfied with the plainest fare, if appetizingly cooked and served.

College boys are growing boys, and they need good food and plenty of it. Any mother knows that a hungry child is cross and irritable, and the same hold true of these bigger children. If their normal appetites are not satisfied at school, and they have to patronize lunch rooms, cafeterias, et cetera, outside, while at the same time paying for school meals they can not enjoy, then they are bound to feel that they are not being fairly treated.

If it were a question of money, poor meals might be excused. But usually it is a question of management, and the person in charge does not seem to think it sufficiently important to investigate the quality of the food and the manner in which it is served in the school's dining hall. One head master, upon receiving a complaint as to the meals served, simply remarked, "You get good food and plenty of it," and considered the matter closed. Doubtless, looking at the figures indicating the cost of the food, he felt justified in his statement. It apparently did not occur to him that the most expensive food can be so spoiled by poor cooking and serving, as to be altogether unappetizing, or that much less expensive food can often be substituted if prepared in the proper manner.

The average person in charge of the food supplies for a school or college may feel that his duty is done when he has ordered various quantities of common food products. In former days, before so much attention was directed to the matter of properly balanced meals, this feeling might have been excused. But today, with the facilities offered to any one interested enough to avail himself of them, there is no reason why any individual, whether in charge of a household or of an institution, should not be informed as to food values, proper proportions in the diet, the preparation of inexpensive but appetizing meals, and so on. The Bureau of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture will gladly send to any one interested many valuable leaflets and pamphlets on the subject. This Bureau has made a special study on the nutritive value and cost of meals served at colleges, which should contain valuable information for any one charged with the responsibility of providing meals for large groups of students.

Possibly to some this may seem a trivial matter. But to the young people concerned it is important. Older

people may be able to philosophize and to feel that any sacrifice is well worth while. But hungry, growing boys are not disposed to be philosophical, especially about a matter than can easily be remedied by proper interest on the part of the person in charge.

With Scrip and Staff

JOHN FARRAR, president of the publishing firm of Farrar and Rinehart, complained recently, according to the New York *World-Telegram* of October 9, that he had been treated to a "new kind of censorship." Several mothers and child librarians asked that a photograph of the child characters saying their bed-time prayers be omitted from a picture book, published by his firm, which told of the doings through the day of a little girl and boy and their dog. Said Mr. Farrar: "Before the book was published we submitted it to women interested in education and found that a large group emphatically objected to the idea that the modern little girl or boy should be taught to pray."

Chief among the protesters was Mrs. Catherine Maltby Blaisdell, wife of Prof. Thomas Charles Blaisdell, Jr., of the economics department of Columbia University. Said Mrs. Blaisdell:

If such a picture were put into the hands of my children, I should be in for a bad half hour trying to explain what prayers were and why they did not form a part of their own routine. I would not bar the book from the house to save myself this trouble, but I think it is vastly improved by the omission of such a picture, for a great many children today are brought up without ever hearing of God or religion. Mine are among them.

As a reason for defrauding her, and other people's children of the knowledge of the central fact of the universe, this tender-hearted mother alleges that such knowledge would make the child feel dependent on a higher Power; and that the child should wait until he is grown up before he decides whether to believe or not to believe. "Children brought up with no religious concept will be spared a difficult period of disbelief."

Time, which reproduces the story, states that "puzzled but agreeable, Publishers Farrar and Rinehart deleted the photograph from the published volume." So that, although Mr. Farrar stated that his own children said their night prayers, he considered himself powerless to withstand the "new kind of censorship."

THE argument alleged by these unofficial censors is, of course, easily reducible to an absurdity. If children are to wait till they grow up before learning any of life's fundamental facts or relationships, how can the mother, or the kindergartner, or any one else undertake to teach them rules of health, or their position as social beings towards other human beings, or the facts of geography, or any of the accumulated knowledge of the human race? Does Mrs. Blaisdell expect her children to learn only by experience that germ diseases are communicable, or that stones may not be thrown at plate-glass windows? She may reply that later experience will surely confirm these early precepts. But what guar-

antee has she that later experience *will* confirm them; that her own children may not find *her* present health or social dogmas antiquated or downright wrong? Our respected grandmas were carefully instructed in their sweet young days, by the medicos of the period, that night air was poisonous and that tomatoes should never be eaten raw. And they may have hinted at such to us in our skeptical youth. Yet we, their flippant progeny, open the casement in January and gorge on tomato juice.

The child, thinks the unofficial censor, must not be introduced to dogmas in his early years. Yet he must not be prevented from "growing up in the belief (*sic*) that he alone must meet and solve his problems as they arise," and he must not believe that he is accountable to God for what he does, but only to his own conscience. But the dictum, that you *can* solve all your own problems unaided, and that you are accountable to none but yourself, is just as much a dogma as is the contrary belief. The child trained on such dogmas is quite as capable of turning on its parents in later years and bitterly reproaching them for their peculiar indoctrination, that has lent a coloring to his entire life, as the child who experiences the crisis of disbelief that these censors are alarmed about. Because they themselves went through one kind of crisis is no pledge that their child may not go through a contrary crisis.

The child spoon-fed with irreligious dogma has a complaint to make in later years that is not shared by the child brought up in religious beliefs. The irreligious parent is handing out his dictum on his own authority alone. He is playing to the defenseless child the part of both Pope and Councils, Bible and preacher. The parent, however, who teaches his child to pray can appeal to the well-nigh universal tradition of the human race. Even if in later years such tradition be rejected—which is by no means certain even for children of unbelieving parents—there is no basis for substantial reproach in the fact that one has been brought up as have been millions of the greatest and noblest of all times, in all nations of the world.

THE fallacy in the argument used by this wife of a Columbia professor is evident enough to those who stop and think. But here is the rub; that so many neither stop nor think. A few days ago I learned of several young Catholic men who had been attending one of the best-known State universities of the Middle West. While there they had completely given up the practice of their religion, although they had previously been considered exemplary in every respect. Moreover, they declared that their Catholic faith was gone as well. Why? Merely because some professor, in the classroom, had availed himself of the same shallow argument as this unofficial censor. "Your Church gets hold of people when they are young," remarked the professor, "and teaches them these things before they are old enough to discriminate. You believe them because you were taught them in your early years." The boys, then and there, were met with what seemed on the surface to be a profound objection. They were silent, ashamed, and per-

turbed. As the same crude onslaught was followed up, their shame developed into complete neglect.

Later on, coming to a Catholic college, and talking things over with a friend, they were surprised that they did not have the sense to ask their professor how in his own youth he had learned to eat spinach or keep his feet dry. Simple enough, you will say. Yet these were not stupid lads. And it is precisely this way that thousands of other young lads are hoodwinked out of their religious belief by attending secular colleges. Nor is there any system of pastoral care for Catholic students, no matter how devoted and ingenious, which can protect all but a small minority of them against such influences. The remark is pertinent in view of the thousands of religiously brought up young folk, among whom are no small number of Catholics, who flock to Columbia University, especially in the summer months, to learn of the modern methods of training small children.

OF such unofficial censorship there will be more, both by individuals and by organized bodies. Today we actually have a powerful Protestant organization demanding, and obtaining, the deletion of a scene in a great motion-picture film because there appeared in it momentarily a nationally known Catholic layman. Tomorrow we may have eugenic leagues protesting if our histories mention anybody of prominence coming from a family of eight or nine children. And the publishers and producers will acquiesce precisely as they gauge the public mind. As long as their sole primary aim is to *sell*, they have no recourse against such pressure. Whether there be still such who can withstand it, will depend upon whether any publishers can steel themselves, if not to make selling subordinate to the cause of disseminating truth and beauty, at least not to admit it to complete dominance.

The evil, however, has this compensation. No one can then wave the banner of "free speech" when religion and decency put in their complaint against misstatements or insinuations. The cause of free utterance cannot be expected to blow hot for one group and cold for the other. The public, thus, might object that the story of Peggy and Peter was propaganda for the "two-child" family. *Time*, to give another instance, can hardly complain if the Pilgrim takes the liberty to point out that in the very same column (page 22, issue of October 26, 1931) where the story of the praying children is begun, there is a misstatement of fact concerning the Rev. George Woodley, who was killed in Alaska while hunting game to supply food for his mission. Father Woodley (although several newspapers had repeated the error, and he was under a Jesuit Bishop) was not a "Jesuit missionary." Nor if the Pilgrim also points out that the same *Time* is following a rather cheap and ancient device (also in the same column), whereby the utterances (on deeply-felt matters or otherwise) in one language may be made to look ridiculous merely by presenting them literally to readers accustomed to a different form of expression. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech sounds grotesque and insipid to Italian ears, if literally translated; as does Aeschylus rendered literally into English. The

fact that such a literal translation was broadcast for the Faithful, who know how to make allowances for the language situation of a supranational Church, presents scant excuse for experts in journalistic technique playing their little tricks on an indiscriminating public.

NOR can Edna Ferber, under these circumstances, complain if I quote William Drysdale's remarks concerning her latest, again from the *World-Telegram*, which are cited in its column "Book Marks for Today," in the issue of October 30:

Your noting of the irritation of the New England folks concerned at Edna Ferber for the queer shapes in which they are made to appear in her new story, "American Beauty," might be extended.

She talks (p. 55) of the river so full of shad "that one could all but scoop them up by the handfuls." How many shad go to a handful? I wonder if she ever saw a Connecticut shad?

Then there is a fantastic version of the energetic priest's visits to his parishioners on Easter Saturday, indicating a total misunderstanding and misconception of the century-old ceremony of the paschal blessing of the fire and water following the somber Good Friday ritual.

And we are told about the Mass for the Communion breakfast at which the squads of men are marched up to the rail for "the wafer and wine" (p. 262)! That's a Protestant, not a Catholic communion. There are wafers (hosts) but no "wine" at Catholic Communion, as every one knows who has ever seen the administration of the Sacrament at a Mass.

Miss Ferber seems to get into a snarl whenever she wanders over into the Catholic field, as witness the big fuss that was made about the chapter in "Show Boat" describing a convent school in Chicago. It is surprising that the copy readers and proof room of so up-to-date a concern as Doubleday Doran let such a break as "the wafer and wine" get by.

Poor Edna means well; she is just "born that way." Neither the Pilgrim, nor any of us, I reckon, will send telegrams to her publishers asking that the objectionable passages be deleted. Catholics have mostly learned to discriminate between just plain blunders and cunningly planted misdirections.

THE PILGRIM.

RUINS OF FORT ON DAUPHIN ISLAND

The Spaniards brought the brick for these old walls
From overseas. Within the compound falls
The muted echo of their martial tread,
The gloom seems peopled by their phantom dead;
So much suggest the nature of their life—
These implements of war and bloody strife,

Deep dungeons with no light and little air,
And dim and secret passages run there.
Old and silent, stricken by the hand of years,
Haunted by the ghosts of war and greed and tears,
Pale shadows lie upon the ponderous stones;
The moss-grown walls that listened to the groans
Of captives and the boom of musketry
Now give back the iterated mystery
Of waves that break and fall and break again
Upon the battlements, like summer rain.

Here, sunbeams sift down through some space above
Upon an errant peach-tree, pink and gay. . . .
And suddenly I wondered was there love
To leaven the horror of that distant day?

EDITH TATUM.

Literature

The Book Shop

CHARLES PHILLIPS

ONCE upon a time there was a man who never appeared at any social function whatsoever without his wife. Finally some of his friends began to talk about it among themselves. "Why on earth," one of them protested, "doesn't he leave her at home once in a while? She's certainly not so attractive that he'd be wanting to show her off all the time." "The reason is," explained another—the old tom-cat—"he'd rather take her with him than kiss her goodbye."

My conscience is like that man's wife, not attractive, really a kind of nuisance, and I can't ever kiss her goodbye and leave her at home. She goes wherever I go, though often under protest. And just as often she talks about it, before and afterward. How many times I've had to listen to her complaints! "Now where are you going? Aha, loafing again! Not attending to business—talking nonsense—maybe writing sonnets"; and so on and on. But especially, "Aha, been to the bookshop again!"

Under ordinary circumstances I can contrive to hush up Madame Conscience for a while, frequently quieting her with mild sophistries about duty and business. Especially do I do this when I catch my feet tracking in the direction of the bookshop. But in the end I always "get it." She comes to, and she calls me to account. As a matter of fact she faced me not so very long ago with a rather staggering account on just this score—bookshops—a ghastly mathematical reckoning of the time I've spent in bookshops during what I still persist in calling my Young Life. Something like twelve thousand three hundred and sixty-four hours, fifty-seven minutes, and I don't know how many fractional seconds, given to browsing and poking around and dreaming over books in bookshops, books in show-windows, books on counters, books on shelves. A pretty bad record!

But I don't care. Conscience can be jealous if she likes. After all, that's what's the matter with her. She knows perfectly well that I was never in love with her anyway. Furthermore she knows just as perfectly well that I've been in love with bookshops all my life.

I'm no saint. I relish my mug of ale, I'll admit, when I can drink it with a boon companion; but for me the boon companion must be a bookman entirely to fill the bill. If, for example, I can have my ale, as I most joyously have had it, glory be, with such a relishable partner as the rotund Chesterton, all right then, I'm a tippler, I admit it, and conscience be dumfounded. I've even tipped from a pewter mug at the Cheshire Cheese Inn off Fleet Street, ancient haunt of bibliomaniacs, washing down a toothsome pigeon-pie made all the more toothsome by the company of another jocund buccaneer among bookmen, Otis Skinner. And I'm proud of it. I'm proud, wilfully and sinfully proud, of all such defections. But I protest I have no bad habits. Yet I've tossed many a hardearned tuppence in the ring to gamble on the precious

mystery behind a bookcover, and I can come as tight and groggy with heady delight out of a bookshop as ever any toper staggered out of a barroom. And still I'm proud of it!

Maybe Dame Conscience is a proper mathematician; perhaps she's quite right about that towering grand total sum of the hours I've spent in bookshops. But let me tell you here and now, My Lady Reckoning, those have been happy hours, and never one of them wasted. I can do a bit of reckoning, too. I can figure on what I've got out of the hours I've spent doing this and that. For the time I've put in around bookshops I've had a gorgeous return, no end of fun, a lot of inspiration and, to tell the truth, some mighty fine spiritual stirring up, not to speak of mental exercise and relaxation.

Yes, I've been in love with bookshops as long as I can remember. Indeed, this weakness of mine must have been born in me. At any rate, it began to show itself at a very early age. It got me into trouble more than once when I was a youngster. Too often when I should have got home from school to fill the woodbox, I was dallying over tempting shelves of Shakespeare and Chaucer and the like in the one and only bookshop in the old home town. I still possess a Shakespeare and a Chaucer out of those happy days, purchased after much coveting and dreaming and much anguished counting over of saved up dimes. It wasn't because anything else besides books tempted my treasured dimes that I debated. It wasn't even that conscience could sway me. The only trouble was to decide which book to buy.

Pessimists despair of man sometimes, they say, on the ground that he neither changes nor grows. I'm an optimist, not a pessimist. But I have to admit that I've never grown nor changed since the first days that I learned the delectable pastime of haunting bookshops. The years have sped on, but I'm no better. I'm worse. But oh, the gorgeous times I've had being bad! And oh, the bookshops that I've seen!—the musty and fascinating down-the-cellarways of London, the inimitable and never anywhere-to-be-reproduced open stalls along the Seine in Paris, the quaint disordered litter of Italian haunts in Rome and Florence, the irresistible invitation of Warsaw's antique *ksiegarnia*. What good times I've had in all of them!

But it isn't alone because it has books in it that a bookshop is a delightful place; that is not the sole reason that I count those hours spent among stacked shelves and bulging stalls as happy hours, hours of relaxation, leisure and content. There is something more than books to a bookshop. There is the fellowship of books. And what a fellowship it is, what a very special comradeship it makes of common interest and united feeling, this fellowship of the bookshop. And yet this is in itself a kind of a phenomenon. There is something really strange and mysterious about it. For there are as many kinds of books as there are divergent minds and tastes; yet all of us, every living one of us who are initiates of the bookshop fellowship, no matter what our reading predilections be, meet together on fraternal ground when we meet among the books. You may like drama best, I may prefer poetry;

John may be a biography fan and Jane may care for nothing but novels. But we are all of one fold at the bookshop. It is as if we had learned a new secret language, the very old but never dead language of silent utterance that speaks more eloquently than the voice of silver tongues from the shelves and tables where our quiet friends the books repose, waiting for us to give ear to them.

Sometimes when I go into a bookshop I halt and look about me, taking in the ranged mass of volumes that faces me on every side. I pause and listen. It seems as if I could hear a vast chorus speaking in a mighty voice, a chorus that resolves itself into the rhythmic beat of ten thousand hearts. For what is a book after all but the throb and pulsation of a living heart? And what is a bookshop but the foregathering of ten thousand such beating hearts? A book is not a mere packet of printed sheets bound between protecting covers. A book is the heart and mind of the man or woman who wrote it, the "good measure, pressed down and running over" of a human soul that felt so deeply, so profoundly, the grip of the iron hand of life that it cried out. That cry of the soul caught and held in the urgent hurting pressure of life is the thing we call a book. The book speaks to us; ten thousand of its kind wait on the shelves and counters of the bookshop to speak to us. Listen, and you can hear them! Their voices swell from a whispering silence to a heart-shaking chorus. Is it any wonder that to us who are fellows of this fellowship, a bookshop is a place of magic, a place with almost the thrill and exaltation of the supernatural in it? Also, I'm asking you, Dame Conscience, is it so very strange that when you get fussing about the hours I spend in bookshops, your still small voice pitched against the living chorus of my friends and lovers, books, isn't worth a tin whistle? Well, it isn't. It just isn't.

If the words of Ecclesiastes speak truth, "Of the making of many books there is no end," equally and just as emphatically true it is that of the making of talk about books there never will be an end—not as long as there are books and people to talk about them, and bookshops to browse in. But the voice of Ecclesiastes has a tone in it of Dame Conscience at her arithmetic. Plain to see, the august author of that majestic tirade against the vanities of this world had never known the delights of a bookshop such as we know now in this still vain though very much bettered world of ours. He knew nothing of the hushed and graceful invitation of wide aisles lined with lustrous shelves, of the calm retreat that the bookshop offers as it draws us in from the garish street. If he had known these delights he would have used a fervent *Deo Gratias* as the amen of his classic platitude.

Come along with me then. As soon as these words are written, let Dame Conscience protest and ply her tablets of reckoning if she like, I'm going down to the bookshop again. I'm going to add the sixty-fifth hour plus goodness knows what guilty minutes and seconds to my already black record. I'm going on another book-spree, and I'm going boldly and joyously, thanking Heaven sometimes that there's no Volsteadian prohibition to make

a shifty-eyed booklegger out of me. I'm going proudly, head up, straight in the front door, where everyone can see me. I'm going, even if I have to resort at last to the brutality of kissing my conscience goodbye and leaving her to weep at home. She's neither beautiful nor dumb, anyway, certainly not dumb in the vocal sense. She can talk to herself for a change while I'm gone, or she can put in her time reading. There are plenty of books in the house that I got at the bookshop. It will do her good to take a look at them.

REVIEWS

Liberty and Restraint. By LOUIS LEFEVRE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

Is liberty justified by its effects? Yes, says Mr. Lefevre; since "individual liberty has a definite and important value, perhaps for the biologic survival, certainly for the intellectual development of mankind." To illustrate this, he shows many interesting examples of the blighting effect of well-intentioned paternalism on some primitive races, chiefly in the South Seas; like the Trobriand Islanders, who died out when they were forced to cultivate their model coconut plantations. The apparent exceptions to this rule, such as the flourishing of the Javanese under Dutch imperialism, and the survival of the American Negro under slavery, are used to confirm his definition of liberty, which permits "freedom from restraint" to be coupled with the notion of recognizing an authority believed to be legitimate. However, interesting as may be the contrast offered between the restraints on the Negro as existing in the South, but as *felt* in the North, this contrast loses most of its significance in view of the actual decrease in the death rate for both areas. His premises articulate less vigorously when he takes a promenade through history, beginning with Athens and Sparta, and ending with the A. F. of L., to study the effects of liberty and restraint on general human culture. The difficulty of defining intellectual progress, or restraint, becomes then more evident. His apparent accepting as genuine the fictitious "liberty" of divorce, emancipation from normal home restraints, sexual morality, etc., leads him to ignore the far graver restraints which are thereby placed upon women and children. The work is marred by such errors or half-truths as: that the discovery of America paved the way for the Reformation (p. 188); science and the Inquisition were irreconcilable enemies (p. 191); the Protestant leaders greatly extended the bounds of individual liberty (p. 190); the "Puritan preoccupation with sex" was inherited from the Catholic "exaltation of celibacy," etc. Were, anyway, the historic Puritans as much "preoccupied with sex" as their descendants imagine—or are? In all his discussion of political and religious liberty, no word is breathed of the great Maryland experiment; nor its effects on cultural progress. While regretting that so original, and, in general, such an undogmatic mind should lose his way in the forest of the philosophy of history, one hopes he may prowl a little more through the ethnological field, and follow up some of the interesting speculations suggested by his opening chapters.

J. L. F.

Volume Two. By KATHERINE MAYO. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.00.

The author's first volume entitled "Mother India" caused a stir in the English-speaking and Indian world. India's leaders were shocked at the revelations made of living conditions among Hindu women, especially those relating to married life. Subsequently, a Special Committee, consisting of nine outstanding Indians and one British woman doctor, was appointed to gather evidence on three questions: "How widespread are child marriages in India? Is a Hindu child marriage only a betrothal? When is a Hindu bride's wedding consummated?" The Committee took evidence from hundreds of Indians in towns, villages and hamlets. Its evidence fills nine volumes, 4,241 pages. In her new book, Miss

Mayo attempts to digest this material, but with what success the reader is left to judge. The evidence gathered indicates a wide divergence of opinion and practice among Hindus, the highest of whom seems to attach deep religious significance to their social custom of child marriage hitherto enforced. Miss Mayo's book is not pleasant reading, since it is largely a matter of citation from the Special Committee's Report. The author, too, seems to question the strength of the law recently enacted against child marriage. However, where there is question of uprooting a long-standing social evil, one sees the attitude of Government in not wishing to stir up revolution by drastic overnight reform. It will take time till the law has worn down long-standing tradition. This was accomplished in the question of *suttee* in India during the latter half of the nineteenth century, and there seems good reason to hope that the result sought will be achieved in the instance of child marriage as well. The British Government has brought about wholesome social reforms in India, but it has found it best to do so gradually, rather than by sudden and harsh legislation. It will take time, but unless New India falls back altogether into old ways, Christian and Catholic influence—about which Miss Mayo is too poorly informed—will eventually do much to work the proper reform.

J. G.

Thalassa. A Story of Childhood by the Western Wave. By MARY FRANCIS MCHUGH. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

The Golden Asse. By MARY ELLEN CHASE. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$2.00.

In this tragic era of sex-dosed novels and cut-rate-drug-store detective tales the graceful essay, crystalizing the beauty of the English language in prose rhythms and delicately turned phrases, is refreshing. Two sturdy volumes-full, such as "Thalassa," by Mary Frances McHugh, and "The Golden Asse," by Mary Elle Chase, is delightful fortune indeed. Miss McHugh reminisces of her childhood in Ireland, with its quaint characters, imperishable folklore clinging to its rocks, its scenery. The author's tender years are reviewed as they were caught up in the magic of things—magic of haunted castles, of peasant cookery, of seasons, of death and the sea. Miss McHugh's style is vivid, etched, yet smoothly flowing like one of her western waves at calming hour. A gentle gayety treads her pages. For those who still enjoy the classic twist of tongue let them turn to the neat blue volume of "Thalassa." Miss Chase submits a group of essays woven from the dazzling fabric of childhood memories, too, but with a deeper delving into meanings and stray philosophies. Sense impressions run thick and colorful in these tributes to Richard, the family donkey with the unique failing for roadside slumber, to grandmother who lived in dreams in old Cadiz, to a wooden secretary gracing a kitchen, to Sister Irenaeus, magic gardener in St. Hilda Convent; but they are really the mere upturnings of soil of deeper thought and meditation, that betray the mellowed soul of a Louise Imogene Guiney or an Alice Meynell. Miss Chase is the born essayist unconsciously letting self peep through the lines of print that carry her matched words and musical sentences. She, too, will reward the reader of discriminating taste.

E. H. B.

The Ozarks. By VANCE RANDOLPH. New York: Vanguard Press. \$5.00.

In this very valuable study of "an American survival of primitive society" the author has attempted to pack into some 300 pages the material assimilated during ten years of life among the hill people in the Ozark mountains. As Mr. Randolph confesses in his preface, there is absolutely no pretense to thoroughness so that many criticisms almost lose their force before they are written. The Ozarks derive their name from the region which they inhabit, a range of mountains in the west central parts of Missouri and Arkansas. Like their cousins, the hill-people of Tennessee and Kentucky, they are the direct descendants of early seventeenth-century English settlers and their isolation has served to solidify certain social and linguistic habits which in turn have made them interesting subjects for ethnological and philological study. Mr.

Vance has not particularized upon any phase of the civilization of the Ozarks, having as his purpose rather a general history of a very diverting nature. After tracing the probable route of the Ozarks from their Appalachian home, he leads us into the Ozark home, its furniture and its customs. We learn about family life and oddments of dialect, folksongs and superstitions, queer local customs of farming and building, lingering traditions of Bonnie Prince Charlie and the hysterical Baptist meetings. There is rather obvious error against taste running throughout the book which serves to nullify its appeal to the "general reader" as well as to prejudice one against its scientific character. The author's interest in sexual matters has obtruded itself all too frequently, especially in trivial observations, which leads one to the impression that some of the chapters at least were prompted by vicious curiosity. The book has several excellent photographs, but it lacks an index.

F. X. C.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

For Many Moods.—Japan is fortunate in having as the interpreter of her architecture such a master of penetrating observation and of literary expression as Ralph Adams Cram. His "Impressions of Japanese Architecture and the Allied Arts" (Marshall Jones. \$4.00) is a revision, with valuable contemporary comments and addenda, of a series of impressions published about twenty-five years ago before Japan was as much occidentalized as intervening events and catastrophes have forced her to become. The reader is thus afforded an insight into what no tourist could now behold and that through the eyes of one who can interpret the soul of a nation through its art. Though Dr. Cram's understanding of Japan's religions is far from complete or accurate, it is sympathetic and discerning enough to perceive the religious aim of the Japanese artists in their efforts at artistic expression. The book follows the historic order and is illustrated with fine half-tones, the selection of which is worthy of the subject and the author. The format is similar to that of his "Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain."

The Most Rev. P. E. Magennis, of the Irish Province of the Carmelites, has collected under the title "For Old Times' Sake" (Gill. \$5.00) a selection of stories and sketches whose Celtic and Catholic coloring will gain the interest of many readers, particularly those of Irish nationality or descent. Some of the stories are charming and entertaining and they will probably be found more popular than the sketches for there is a sympathy and kindly humor in their telling. Perhaps "Flowers That Fell . . . in America" will be found too ungracious in its treatment of Americans, and too radically Sinn Fein to prove universally agreeable.

In "Proving Nothing," by Albert Payson Terhune (Harper. \$2.00), one finds a collection of random reflections and anecdotes, embodying the author's attitude towards life. Most of the reflections are incontestably safe, bromidic; a few are, in themselves, pointed. But Mr. Terhune is bent upon being amiable; of amiability indeed he has made a sort of profession, and the effect of nearly everything he says is vitiated by an unreasoning optimism. The sort of optimism, one would say, that prefers to spread good cheer rather than the truth, if the truth happens to be bitter. However, Mr. Terhune's little gift of irony prevents him from becoming too mawkish, and one can imagine a type of good, honest, unsophisticated person whom the reading of this innocuous, homespun wisdom might benefit.

That Schumann possessed a strain of morbidity in his character that led ultimately to madness, will be acknowledged by all who have read his life. But when such a tendency is over-emphasized, the result as set forth in "Schumann: A Life of Suffering" (Knopf. \$3.50) by Victor Basch is neither interesting nor profitable study. Much information concerning Schumann's compositions is given, but on the whole the book is unpleasant reading.

To the trained musician and supervisor, the "Intermediate Teacher's Book" (Silver, Burdett. \$1.84) will be a valuable acquisition. To the grade teacher, who is perhaps inadequately prepared for music, the book will be invaluable. It presents not merely songs with their accompaniments, and well-developed plans

in appreciation, but provides for the correlation of music with other school subjects. The matter of the book is logically arranged, presented in attractive form, and shows research.

Juveniles.—Leon Cieza, a lad of thirteen years lived in old Seville, in the days of their Catholic Majesties. By a flip of Fortune he is singled out to be the scribe for Don Pedro de Heredia, for the Governor of New Granada had heard from his nephew of the facile pen of Cieza. So in "Conquistador" (Duffield and Green, \$2.50) E. J. Craine has given us in an English dress a condensed version of the many pages that Cieza's untiring pen wrote first of all for his King and unknowingly for many a boy to dream over in ages yet to come. The months' long sea voyage with its ever constant perils, the founding of Cartagena, travels unending almost over the snow-clad Andes, across parched plains, through tropic jungles, all are faithfully told, written by the light of a campfire while even the hardy soldiers are sleeping through sheer exhaustion. But above all there is the sad, sad history of Peru, and the devastating reign of the Pizarros. A boy's tale that will thrill the hearts of many grown-ups.

Under a list of books entitled "Stories of Far Lands for Small Boys," Cornelia James Cannon gives us "Lazaro in the Pueblos" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.00). If by small boys is meant those between nine and fourteen years of age, this is indeed the book for them as it is replete with such adventure that such boys can enjoy. Of course the hero is a boy, a Spanish boy of the sixteenth century, and he surely does have a time of it in those stirring days. The best of it is that the story is founded upon fact, for the author has studied her period that she might teach in story those hardy pioneers of our Southwest. It certainly will make a valuable Christmas present for Our Lad.

Books Received.—This list is published, without recommendation, for the benefit of our readers. Some of the books will be reviewed in later issues.

A BIT OF EVERYTHING. By Ethel Zipp. \$1.50. *Dorrance*.
AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Russell Blankenship. \$4.00. *Holt*.
APOLLO AND DAPHNE. By Donald McGraw. \$1.75. *Dorrance*.
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CALVIN COOLIDGE, THE. \$1.00. *Cosmopolitan*.
BARBED ARROWS. By Roy L. Smith. \$1.50. *Richard R. Smith*.
CAPITALISTS AND COLOMBIA, THE. By J. Fred Rippy. \$2.00. *Vanguard*.
CENTURY OF CATHOLICISM IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS. A. *Mirror Press*.
CHRIST CHILD, THE. By Maud and Miska Petersham. \$2.00. *Doubleday, Doran*.
CLARENCE DARROW. By Charles Yale Harrison. \$4.00. *Cape and Smith*.
CLASSICAL STUDIES IN HONOR OF JOHN C. ROLFE. Edited by George Depue Hadzits. \$3.00. *University of Pennsylvania Press*.
COUNTRIES OF THE MIND. TWO SERIES. By J. Middleton Murry. \$3.00. *Oxford*.
DISTRIBUTED LEISURE. By L. C. Walker. \$2.25. *Century*.
FOUNDATIONS OF THOMISTIC PHILOSOPHY. By Rev. A. D. Sertillanges, O.P. \$1.35. *Herder*.
GENESIS OF SHAKESPEARE IDOLATRY, THE. By Robert Witbeck Babcock, Ph.D. \$3.00. *University of North Carolina Press*.
HE MADE THEM TWAIN. By Bird S. Coler. *Educational Press*.
HUMAN VOICE, THE. By Dr. Leon Felderman. \$2.50. *Holt*.
HUSSEY-CUMBERLAND MISSION AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, THE. By Samuel Flagg Bemis. \$3.50. *Princeton University Press*.
I FIND MY VOCATION. By Harry Dexter Kitson. \$1.40. *McGraw-Hill*.
ILLUSIONS. By Alice Dows. \$2.00. *Dorrance*.
LET US GO TO JESUS. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. 20c. *Kenedy*.
LEWIS CARROLL BOOK, THE. Edited by Richard Herrick. \$3.00. *Dial*.
LIVES OF THE POPES IN THE MIDDLE AGES, THE. VOL. XVII. By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Horace K. Mann, D.D. \$5.00. *Herder*.
LOVE WITHOUT MONEY. By Floyd Dell. \$2.00. *Farrar and Rinehart*.
LUSITA. By Sophie Treadwell. \$2.00. *Cape and Smith*.
MINNIE MAYLOW'S STORY AND OTHER TALES AND SCENES. By John Masefield. \$2.50. *Macmillan*.
MOODS, TENSES, AND INTENSES. By Dr. J. Warren Harper. \$2.00. *Dorrance*.
MY MISSAL. By Rt. Rev. Abbot Cabrol, O.S.B. \$1.75. *Kenedy*.
MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES, VOL. V.—SEMITIC. By Stephen Herbert Langdon. \$10.00. *Marshall Jones*.
ON UNDERSTANDING WOMEN. By Mary R. Beard. \$3.50. *Longmans, Green*.
PAGEANT OF CIVILIZATION, THE. By Arthur C. Brodeur. \$6.00. *McBride*.
PORTO RICO: A BROKEN PLEDGE. By Bailey W. and Justine White Diffie. \$2.00. *Vanguard*.
PUBLIC PAYS, THE. By Ernest Gruening. \$2.50. *Vanguard*.
REPRESENTATIVE OPINIONS OF MR. JUSTICE HOLMES. Arranged by Alfred Lief. \$4.50. *Vanguard*.
SELECTED POEMS OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. Chosen by William Lyon Phelps. \$2.50. *Bobbs-Merrill*.
SHEED AND WARD ANTHOLOGY, A. 5s. *Sheed and Ward*.
SPARKS FLY UPWARD. By Oliver LaFarge. \$2.50. *Houghton, Mifflin*.
STREAM OF ENGLISH POETRY, THE. Edited by Frederick Houk Law. \$1.10. *Century*.
THEIR FATHER'S GOD. By O. E. Rølvaag. \$2.50. *Harper*.
WHITE-PLUMED HENRY, KING OF FRANCE. By George Slocombe. \$5.00. *Cosmopolitan*.
WILL TO SUCCEED, THE. By Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J. \$2.00. *Kenedy*.
WITHOUT MY CLOAK. By Kate O'Brien. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*.

The Best Stones of 1931. These Thirteen. The Ten Commandments. Mad Murder. Witchfire. All Ye People. Fear of Fear.

The compiler, Edward J. O'Brien, thinks that "The Best Stories of 1931" (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50) is significant of a new integration of life. It does not differ in any essential note from any of his other collections. We see the same futile questioning of the moral law; the same anger at American institutions and certain evangelical religions, the same vignettes without meaning, a series of war stories, the pattern of which was borrowed from the "Spoon River Anthology." It is strange that a new integration of life should have only one gleam of humor—the story called "The Flaming Chariot."

In a collection of short stories called "These Thirteen" (Cape and Smith, \$2.50) the author, William Faulkner, shows a certain kind of literary power. He is master of the emotion of decayed horror, if that can be called a compliment. Life to him is purely humorless.

The broken stem of some rare flowers and the broken back of a mongrel dog give the author, Warwick Deeping, his text for "The Ten Commandments" (Knopf, \$2.50). The sacredness of an old inn and a flower garden are contrasted with the horde of vulgarians who pass through the pages of this book as symbols of ugliness. In his gorgeous emotional style Mr. Deeping depicts the heroic lives of Mrs. Robinia Buck, her daughter Rachel, and the horticulturist Nicholas Bonthorn. With these characters the author proposes his gospel of beauty. The book does not leave in one's mouth the sweet-bitter taste of Sorrell and Son.

Readers of detective stories generally expect a new thrill from each new story they read. They will not be disappointed in "Mad Murder" (Meador, \$2.00) by R. H. Wilkinson. In fact they may be surfeited with thrills. The book can hardly be reckoned among the masterpieces of detective-story writing. Some of the characters, Jerry Stanton, the leading character, and Pat Carmichael, the policeman, especially, are unreal. Pat, for example, is the traditional fool policeman of detective story writers, seemingly innocent of a thought, and yet when the crisis of the story (and a tense one it is) is to be worked out, the same Pat is assigned the extremely difficult task of bringing down the mad murderer. He succeeds and we have the climax of a most thrilling story.

"Witchfire" by André Tellier, (Greenberg, \$2.50) is a most improbable story of substitution, based, as it was asserted, on a rumor current in Vienna in 1914. The Emperor Franz Joseph dies, and his place is taken by a farmer who looks so much like him that not even the royal valet recognizes the hoax. There are plots and counter-plots, and massacres of whole regiments; but the reader is left to guess what happens to Austria, when the masquerader unexpectedly dies. The action is somewhat slow, and the entire account not particularly exciting. Merciless government officials dispose of posts and of those who held them, as if they were merely playing a game of chance, and finally the book ends, and that is all.

Readers will be disappointed in "All Ye People" (Viking, \$2.50), by Merle Colby, which purports to be a tale of a western migration at the start of the last century. According to the jacket, "what might have been a story of high adventure, has been transmuted through its author's artistry into a magnificent reconstruction of one of the most striking periods in the rise of our nation." But to the present reviewer, the book consists of a narration of absolutely unlikely events in the lives of absolutely impossible men and women. Some of the zoological descriptions might have been found in a farm manual on the care of livestock, but are quite out of place in any other sort of publication.

Special pleasure can be found in "Fear of Fear" (Appleton, \$2.00) by Ryerson and Clements. No wonder it taxed two writers to work out this ingenious story. The plot is cleverly conceived, and as cleverly carried out to its unexpected climax. The reader's interest is kept at a tension from beginning to end, and yet never, as so frequently happens in detective yarns, is he called on to swallow the impossible. "Fear of Fear" merits a high place in the class of detective stories.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Latin-American Studies

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a very painstaking list compiled by Dr. A. Curtis Wilgus of George Washington University, for the *Hispanic American Historical Review* of August, 1931, he shows the work at this moment in progress, or contemplated, by university students and scholars in the Spanish American field of history. There are about forty colleges and universities mentioned on his list, and I counted two hundred eighty one special investigations in the form of books, source books, syllabi, bibliographies, compilations, translations, reprints, indexes.

A number of these are by outstanding scholars whose fine achievement has been universally recognized. Many are doctorate dissertations. Among the writers are a few with Spanish or Portuguese names; there are a number of women; undoubtedly, some of them are Catholics.

It is almost impossible to consider any phase of South American history which does not involve religious interpretations. That the product so far has been done as well as it has been is surprising. Still, for a Catholic population of Catholic ancestry, an interpreter must understand the psychology of the people. Of course, if what you set forth interests you merely as the output of your own individual curiosity, it shows your psychology instead of that which you are investigating; sometimes it happens that you have the prestige of a college professor and its concomitant gravity, and, unconsciously, the naiveté of a little girl.

Some of the forthcoming works are on subjects that would prove very difficult for the average non-Catholic mind to wrestle with. Theses: "The Churchman and the Indian Languages of New Spain (Mexico)"; "Church and Society in Sixteenth Century Spanish America"; "The Conversion of the Indians of New Spain"; "The Jesuits in Lower California"; "The Inquisition and Conflict between Church and State in New Mexico in the Seventeenth Century." Other works: "Studies in the Inquisition of New Spain"; "Relation between State and Church in Latin America"; "Church and State in the Chilean Republic"; "History of the Church in Venezuela"; "A Series of Studies in Las Casas."

There is no reason why the non-Catholic could not investigate them if not with the maximum of understanding, yet with sympathy and a very fine approach. But it is to be regretted that we have not already well-constructed works to put into their hands: English works. In a chemical problem one goes to a chemist; for the understanding of the Czech mind one does not go to a Chinese Buddhist. Many of these non-Catholic scholars would rejoice if we could furnish them with preliminary interpretations, monologues, studies and the like. Never has there been evinced a more sincere desire to understand. But if Catholics are so slow to write their own history we cannot blame these universities for not waiting for us.

There is material in the South American field for almost every department of the curriculum: languages, theology, philosophy, history, literature—quite a body of their poetry has been translated into English—many phases of science, economics, and politics. Why not even do some mere translation, for instance, for comparative work at seminar?

Dr. Marie Madden's new investigation, "Political Theory and Law in Medieval Spain," the first, we hope, of a number of studies, will take its place as a basic unit in a correct historical estimate of Latin America. Too long have we been "detouring" in European history. The English interpretation of history has for so long formed a "mind set" in the general educated reading public. It is a great detour. The real highway of the history of Europe is the culture which was fundamentally Catholic; this lies behind the Spanish *derecho*, law and thought; down this the

student must go to get the correct view on our Spanish American neighbors. The Spanish nation held on to this seething Continent for an actual 300 years; behind this people lies the Spanish mind, felt in the politics and thought of Europe from time immemorial. The culture of the Greeks and Orientals made its way into Europe through early Spain.

Dr. Madden is right. Until we comprehend their way of thinking—prior to the present crisis—we shall not conceive this great Southern civilization with the Spanish-Indian backbone, which, with its untold resources, bids fair to be yawning and stretching to the light of vigorous morning when our northern civilization shall have whirled itself into exhaustion of materialistic frenzy.

Washington, D. C.

SISTER TERESA.

Two Suggestions: Books, Magazines

To the Editor of AMERICA:

For your many readers, and especially for the librarians and spiritual advisers of our Catholic colleges and universities, I have a very brief and, I trust, a practical suggestion which will afford them an outlet for some effective and fruitful work.

Two years ago, the University of Quito in Ecuador, was almost completely razed to the ground. As the University has a scholastic past almost as famous as that of the University of St. Mark, in Lima, Peru, the first University founded in the Western World, subscriptions were quickly taken up in Europe and in the Americas to rebuild the University.

From the list of books presented to the University, I have noticed that very few books in the Philosophical Department bear the names of Catholic authors. Spencer, Mills, Comte, Descartes, and similar authors, abound, but nowhere is seen the name of Turner, De Wulf, Hill, Maritain, or Cardinal Mercier.

Therefore, I think it may be appropriate, either as part of inter-school contacts or as part of Sodality work, that some of our Catholic colleges would take up this opportunity offered as part of the Catholic apostolate and send a few books of Catholic philosophy to this institution.

If each of our hundred-and-sixty Catholic colleges and universities were to take up this suggestion and send only three books, you can very easily see what an impressive section of Catholic philosophy would be formed and what benefits would be derived from it.

The books should be addressed to: Universidad Central, Quito, Ecuador, S. A.

San Francisco.

ALFONSO L. TOUS.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

While waiting for dinner the other night at the University Club, I went through the library and noticed that in the magazine room they had copies of all the prominent weekly Reviews except AMERICA.

I inquired of the Librarian whether they received AMERICA. He told me that they did not, but that they would be glad to put it on the racks if someone donated a subscription. I immediately arranged to have a weekly copy sent to the club.

Don't you think other readers of your esteemed Review would like to take similar action in their own clubs and public libraries? At least it's an idea.

New York.

G. J.

[It's not merely an idea; it's an apostolate. Naturally we recommend it highly to our subscribers.—Ed. AMERICA.]

Stay East, Young Man!

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a recent quarterly report of the Saint Vincent De Paul Society, the report concluded: "Many men who come to us for help state they are lured to this section of the country by extravagant propaganda. A word to the wise is sufficient."

It is too bad young Catholic men all over the country could not have seen this statement. It is difficult for men here without funds, and there is little chance for work.

Los Angeles.

WM. RICHARDS.